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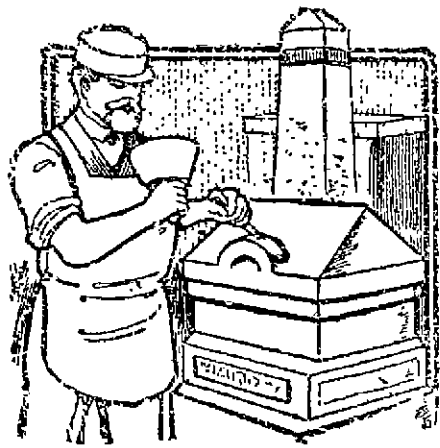
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THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.

We design and execute descriptions of monuments in the best and most appropriate style, employing material which experience has shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality.

Thomas G. Lester,
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No. 2 Water Street.

**SNOW SHOVELS, SLEIGH BELLS
AXES**

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Try one of our new Safety Razors.

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COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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DELIVER

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IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

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ADJOURN AT NOON

Delegates Will Resume Business Monday Evening.

**Resolution Adopted Requiring Of
Free Holders To Read English.**

**Constitutional Convention Takes Important
Action In A Short Session.**

Concord, Dec. 12.—The constitutional convention adjourned just before noon until Monday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Gen. Streeter urged upon every member the importance of being present Monday evening and particularly urged a full attendance beginning next Tuesday morning at 10.30 o'clock. At that time, beyond question, the several committees will have many reports to lay before the convention and prompt work must be made of their recommendations.

When adjournment was taken today the convention was discussing the amendment proposed by George F. Morris of Lisbon, increasing the powers and the jurisdiction of police courts. As the matter now stands, police courts cannot go above the ten dollar limit in fines.

Joseph H. Wight of Berlin interrupted Mr. Morris with a motion to adjourn. It was not in order, Mr. Morris having the floor, but the Lisbon man gave way for an explanation by Mr. Wight, who then said that delegates from the north were very anxious to get away on the noon train and quite anxious, too, to take part in a discussion of Mr. Morris' amendment. On that account Mr. Morris said that he would agree to the adjournment.

Col. George C. Gilmore of ward 4 Manchester, asked why the north country folks could not be given "leave of absence," and, that being granted, why the convention couldn't go right ahead with its business. It was apparent, he said, that a quorum would be left.

Gen. Streeter replied that there were no matters on the president's desk except such as were quite sure to provoke debate. James O. Lyford of Concord said that under these circumstances it was quite useless to attempt to go on. Mr. Wight's motion to adjourn was defeated on a viva voce vote and a division was asked for. When it came to the division there was a breaking up, and only a handful stood up to vote "no" and the convention adjourned.

The committee on legislative department reported the Morris amendment this morning in a new draft the alterations being apparently minor. The article in question is 77, of part two of the constitution, and the section as the Morris resolution would amend it is herewith printed in full:

"The general court is empowered to give to justices of the peace jurisdiction in civil causes, when the damages demanded shall not exceed one hundred dollars and title of real estate is not concerned, but with right of appeal to either party to some other court. And the general court is further empowered to give to police courts original jurisdiction to try and determine, subject to the respondent's right of appeal and trial by jury, criminal cases wherein the

punishment is less than imprisonment in the state prison."

Other dispositions of the morning were as follows: The resolution relating to the educational qualifications of voters was taken from the committee of the whole and referred to the committee on legislative department; the amendment proposed by Judge Aldrich, increasing the membership of the state senate from 24 to 40, together with all kindred resolutions, was similarly transferred. The amendment suggested by Mr. Wingate of Stratham, proposing to strike out of the constitution the word "subject" and substitute the word "citizen," was referred to the committee on the bill of rights; on the recommendation of the committee on legislative department the amendment proposed by William J. Starr of Manchester, relative to trusts was referred to the committee of the whole, to be considered with like amendments.

That committee reported with a recommendation that it should be adopted a resolution by James A. Edgerly of Somersworth, providing that no person not already a voter shall hereafter be allowed to vote or to hold office, who cannot read the constitution in English and write.

The convention voted to submit this amendment to the people. The resolution offered by Mr. Baker of Bow, to amend Article 7, Part Second of the constitution, was reported from the committee on legislative department with the recommendation that "it is inexpedient to act." Gen. Baker made some explanation of his resolution, and Judge Cross of Manchester inquired if the gentleman from Bow could not reach his point more concisely—in a general way more intelligibly. Gen. Baker said that he thought he could, and his resolution was therefore re-committed.

The first and the last paragraphs of this amendment by Gen. Baker will give an idea of its scope and meaning:

"Nor shall the general court pass any local, private or special law, regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of, or changing the rules of evidence in any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, justices of the peace, sheriffs, coroners, commissioners, arbitrators or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts or the enforcement of judgments or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate;

"and in all other cases where a general law can be made applicable, no local or special law shall be enacted; and whether a general law could have been made applicable in any case is hereby declared a judicial question, and as such shall be judicially determined without regard to any legislative assertion on that subject. Nor shall the general court, indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed."

TIP TO ADVERTISERS.

There are many people who will trade only in stores where the goods are advertised. No one ever heard of a person looking for a store which did not advertise. Therefore, if many people are looking for the wide awake advertiser, and no one is discriminating against him, that in itself ought to be reason for the use of all the advertising a store can carry.

GOUNOD'S GALLIA, NORTH CHURCH, SUNDAY EVENING.

On Sunday evening at the North church the chorus choir will repeat the music sung with such acceptance on Sunday last. The following are the selections:

Sanctus,	Gounod
Send out Thy Light,	Gounod
Gallia,	Gounod
Adore and be still, bass solo,	Gounod
Hark, Hark, my Soul,	Shelbay

PASCATAQUA CLUB WILL MEET.

The Pascataqua Congregational club will hold its meeting in observance of Forefathers' day next Thursday in Hampton, where it has not before met. The addresses will be "Puritanism, Old and New," by Rev. Dr. William T. McIlwain of Boston, and "The Yankee Farmer," by Rev. N. M. Calhoun of Winsted Conn.

itching piles? Never mind if physicians have failed to cure. Try Doan's Ointment. No failure there. 50 cents, at any drug store.

DEFY THE WEATHER.

**Grafton Club Women Carry Out
Lunch And Entertainment.**

**Guests Of Prominence Respond To
Seasonable Toasts.**

Miss Nichols Of Boston Gives Monologue Drama.

Despite the cold and blustering weather, the lunch party and literary entertainment at the Grafton club at Peirce hall this afternoon, from 1.30 to 5.00 o'clock, attracted a nearly all attendance of club members and invited visitors, and proved as interesting and enjoyable an occasion as had been anticipated.

On the arrival of the guests on the forenoon trains, carriages were taken for the Rockingham, where the regular meeting of the State Board was held, plans for the May meeting were talked over and other important business transacted.

Carriages were again taken for Peirce hall, where an elegant lunch was in waiting, for which Biddle of Dover catered.

The tables were arranged in horseshoe form around an oval table in the center of the hall at which the guests were seated.

The decorations were mostly confined to the tables and were very elaborate, being in red and green effects. There were baskets and bouquets of carnations, smilax and ferns.

The menu cards, which were works of art, will be highly prized as souvenirs. They were under the supervision of Mrs. Frank L. Benedict and were in landscape designs and Gibson heads done in water colors by Miss Susan Mathes and Miss Helen Wood, the lettering being artistically done by Mrs. Benedict.

The following is the menu.

Bouillabaisse	
Chicken Croquettes with Peas	
Oyster Patties	
Olives	Salted Almonds
Salad	Rolls
Harlequin Ice Cream	
Fancy Cakes	
Coffee	

Following the lunch, toasts were in order, for which Mrs. George A. Wood was toast mistress. The following were responded to:

"General Federation," Mrs. Lillian C. Streeter, president of the National Board.
"State Presidents," Mrs. Sarah G. Blodgett, president of the federation.
"New Hampshire Daughters," Mrs. Henry W. Blair.
"Our Largest Club," Mrs. W. W. Hill, president of Woman's Club of Concord.
"Our Beginnings," Miss Nellie F. Pierce.
"Our Club," Miss Frances A. Mathes.
"Our Guests," Mrs. James A. Wood.
"Our Future," Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer.
At the conclusion of the speaking

the monologue drama Ko-ha-na-san was given by Miss Eda Lulette Nichols of Boston, who brought with her all the required scenery and costumes, and the whole was an afternoon of rare pleasure for the club members and their guests.

Among the guests from out of the city were, Mrs. Harriet G. Burlingame, Mrs. W. H. Follansby of Exeter, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Hussey of Rochester, and Mrs. Perkins of Somersworth.

The committee in charge of the entertainment were, Mrs. M. Wentworth Ayers, Mrs. Herbert O. Prime, Mrs. Harry L. Beacham, Mrs. James A. Wood, Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer, Mrs. John E. Pickering, Mrs. Frank L. Benedict, Mrs. Henry C. Hewitt, Mrs. John W. Parsons, Mrs. Horace P. Montgomery, Miss Blanche Boynton, Miss Susan H. Mathes, Miss Emily Bracelin, Miss Jennie D. Goodrich.

POLICE COURT.

Judge Adams presided in police court this morning and listened to three interesting tales of woe.

The first case was that of Mason vs. Mason, in which Katherine, a lady of some forty-five winters and fully as many summers, accused her husband, Irad, with committing an assault upon her. The parties reside in Rye and the complainant was on hand with witnesses to prove her assertion. The defense sent for Lawyer Guphill, who promptly asked for a continuance in which to get together a defense. The complainant was averse to any further delay and wanted to settle matters at once, but the court granted a continuance until Monday morning next.

The next case was that of Edward Lindsay against Edward Brady. The former lost a blanket and accused the latter of taking it.

The two men occupy adjoining stables in the tan yard at Christian Shore. The night the blanket was taken, Mike Belmont, driver for Lindsay, was asleep in the loft above where the horses are kept. The blankets were on a box nearby. He heard Brady rattle the doors until he gained entrance, heard him come up the stairs and recognized his voice. Then he heard him go down the stable and go singing down the street.

Belmont then arose and re-locked the doors. He found one of the blankets gone and saw Brady's hat near by. Brady admitted being in the barn, but said that the doors were unlocked. He did not go up stairs, neither did he take the blankets. Discharged.

Moses Souther, a white haired Seabrook citizen who will shortly celebrate his eightieth birthday, next told a remarkable story of breaking and entering and assault in the night time, which goes to show that Seabrook is not yet quite civilized in spite of the fact that the trolleys have reached the town.

"On Thursday evening," said Souther, "shortly after ten o'clock, I was awakened by somebody smashing in my front door. I jumped out of bed just then Alfred Bagley and Edward Marshall came into my bedroom. I ordered them out and then started to grapple with them. One of them hit me in the eye and I

dropped unconscious to the floor."

Souther's son corroborated the testimony of his father, recognizing both respondents, but he could not swear which one struck the blow that knocked his father stiff on the floor.

Bagley, the elder of the two respondents did all the talking, although both pleaded not guilty. He claimed that Souther's son frequently invited them into the house. On the evening in question, they went there and found the family had retired. They asked if they could come in and get a match. Souther's son said, "Yes, come in, the door is not locked." He and Marshall both went in and were promptly ordered out by the elder Souther.

They went at once and did not raise a hand to the old gentleman. In fact, the witness doubted that the black eye the old gentleman had was obtained on Thursday evening and said that it was a month old.

John H. Souther, constable, testified that the old gentleman did not have a black eye on Thursday morning of this week.

Bagley and Marshall were held in the sum of \$200 each for appearance before the grand jury at the next session of supreme court.

MARITIME NOTES.

Arrived, Dec. 12.—Tug Boxer, Capt. Kelley, Philadelphia for Portsmouth; barge Alburus, Capt. Bailey, Philadelphia for Portsmouth, with coals; tugs Viking, Capt. Hyatt, Portland for Portsmouth, Cumberland, Capt. Warrington, Baltimore for Portsmouth; barge Number Nineteen, Capt. Loss, Baltimore for Portsmouth, with coal.

AT MUSIC HALL.

Do you like fun? Do you want to laugh? Do you like a play with a good story? Do you like to hear it well told? Do you like to mingle tears with laughter? Then go and see When the Harvest Days are Over, Wednesday, Dec. 17. Miss Lillie May White, Nell Twomey and a very capable company will give you a chance to enjoy yourself.

MAPLEWOODS TO MEET COMPANY B.

There will be a basket ball game in Peirce hall on Tuesday evening next, with the Company B and Maplewood teams as opponents. The game will be followed by a dance.

NO SCHOOL THERE.

There will be no sessions in the No. 9 primary and intermediate school at Kittery until further notice.

We have been brought to a vivid realization of the fact that the end of the coal strike did not mean an immediate end of the fuel shortage.

Memo. for to-day.

Take home a PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH this evening. Sure.

Always sold in a yellow box. At all dealers. Adult size, 35c. Children's (two sizes), 25c.

"WONDERFUL" "LOOKS LIKE BOSTON"

These and similar expressions have been often outspoken from old and young within the past few days as our **DISPLAY OF HOLIDAY GOODS** has been arranged throughout our store. **SANTA CLAUS HAS ARRIVED** and will be in evidence for the next two weeks. Always **THE BEST** and this year **BETTER THAN EVER**

SUCH IS OUR STOCK ALL READY FOR YOU

DOLLS	JEWELRY	GAMES
Of every kind and cost, DRESSED, JOINTED, CHINA, RUBBER, SLEEPING, WALKING. Dolls that talk and smile at you, one cent each, or that cost quite a lot of dollars	For young and old, with many offerings of STERLING SILVER MOUNTS, TOILET ARTICLES, and ROGERS' BROS. 1847 TABLEWARE. Our stock shows you a completeness at low prices.	All of the old standard kinds and lots of new things of interest. BOOKS by the thousand, CALENDARS, CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY. All of attractive kind and quality.
SMOKERS' SETS, JEWEL SETS, MANICURE SETS.	Albums	Tea Sets
	In great assortment, varied in styles of binding and very acceptable for the HOLIDAY COMPLIMENTS.	For the little ones of china or pewter. These are slight of cost. TOY HOUSES, BANKS, PROPOS and FRAMES.
	LAMPS, VASES, JARDINIERS, BRIC-A-BRAC, FANCY CHINA, CUT GLASS.	Mechanical Toys
	BRING THE CHILDREN IN AND SEE PORTSMOUTH'S BEST SHOW. NOTHING IS LEFT OUT. OUR STORE WILL BE OPEN EVENINGS BEGINNING MONDAY NEXT.	These are always an article of interest. The children gather about these and for little cost find complete fun and entertainment.

GEORGE B. FRENCH CO.

CUBA'S NEW RAILROAD

(Special Correspondence.)
Havana, Dec. 4.—The opening of the new line of railway uniting Havana and the central provinces of Cuba with the eastern part of Santiago marked not only an important advance in the development of the island, but a new triumph for Sir William Van Horne, the great American railroad builder.

To many ways this new line will be remarkable. Through sleepers will be run between Havana and Santiago. Once the different stems and branch roads projected are all completed the entire system will be operated by electric power, generated from the natural oil wells located along the railway and owned by the company. The through trip from Havana to Santiago will be made in a day, whereas it formerly took travelers three to four days to journey from port to port.

Not only will the railroad prove a boon to the island, but it will also be of immense value to its promoters and owners. In addition to large deposits of petroleum and valuable coal mines, never as yet worked, the Van Horne people hold a million or more acres of the richest lands in eastern and central Cuba and numerous copper, manganese, iron, silver and gold "stakings." These will now be made to yield their riches, thanks to the new transportation facilities.

As a result Sir William and his associates, all wealthy men, are in a fair way to increase their fortunes in no small degree and to rapidly realize good dividends on the capital they have invested in this Cuban enterprise.

The personality of the man at the head of the new railway system is doubly interesting to Americans, inasmuch as he was born in the United States, although he is now a British subject, a step which he took in view of the fact that he had made his home in Canada and was prominently identified with great British financial interests. Sir William was born at Joliet, Ill., in 1834 and entered the railway service as a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central. His earlier years were spent in and about Chicago. He filled scores of positions, each better than the other, until 1870, when he was made general superintendent of the Chicago

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

At present there are four districts in Turkey in which any one who so desires may enter into the business of extracting minerals simply by paying the Ottoman government the sum demanded for a license—namely, 5 piastres. These districts are Surt-Sou, Sepehli, Geikili and Menion. The 5,000 miners already engaged in this industry are Kurds and Persians, and all of them work according to the most primitive methods. They are formed into gangs composed of fifteen men at the most under the authority of a section boss.

The first work done, says the Revue Scientifique, consists of sinking a well until the miners come to a reddish clay soil, which indicates the presence of the meerschaum, this latter being found at a depth varying from ten to 250 feet. The meerschaum appears in the form of round lumps, more or less irregular in form, the size of which rarely exceeds thirty or forty cubic centimeters and the usual size of which is about that of an apple or a walnut.

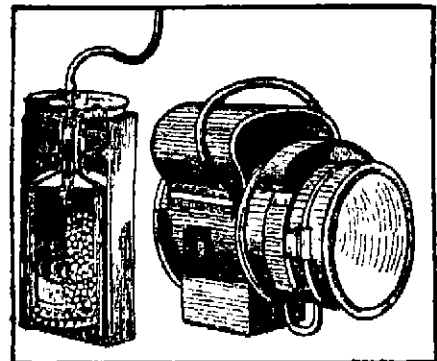
When they reach the bed, the miners dig horizontal galleries through the red clay, and, as there is no direction or plan pursued, the gangs frequently meet each other. The work is carried on night and day by means of petroleum lamps, the blocks of meerschaum being brought to the surface still imbedded in their matrix. On the weekly sale day the workmen meet and sell their goods to the "luledjis" or pipe manufacturers of Eskikehir. The blocks are then taken to the town and washed, after which they are cut into suitable pieces while the matter is still very soft. Sorting and classing are then proceeded with, and the "luledjis" in their turn sell their purchases to the larger dealers, who export the meerschaum, carefully enveloped in cotton wadding.

Meerschaum is composed of about 70 per cent of carbonate of magnesium, 25 of silica and .05 of aluminum.

AUTO-MOBILE NOTES

One of the essential conditions for the speeding of automobiles at night is the proper lighting of the road. Ordinary side lanterns are inadequate, and therefore headlights which throw bright rays in advance of the vehicle must be used. Acetylene is well adapted for obtaining a brilliant light. It is by no means uncommon to see carriages provided with two searchlights, placed at the right and at the left of the vehicle. Such lights, says a writer in the Scientific American, should have a common generator.

The generator of the Bleriot light may be regarded as a typical example of the generators usually employed. It



THE BLERIOT SEARCHLIGHT.

requires the employment of a special chemical compound of carbide and glucose, which is called by its inventors, Messrs. Letang and Serpollet, "acetylene." The compound has the great advantage over ordinary carbide of being less sensitive to moisture and of not leaving any solid residuum. In order to introduce it into the lantern without difficulty the generator is made in the form of a cylinder which slips into the receptacle behind the reflector when the cover of the searchlight has been raised.

The generator is charged by unscrewing the cover, B. When this is lifted, it draws with it the cylinder, C, which contains the carbide that holds the carbide. The bottom of the basket is perforated and furnished with vertical partitions, K, which prevent the carbide from packing too solidly and facilitate the access of the water. The generator cylinder terminates on top in a gas conducting tube, A, into which is introduced a tin cartridge containing ordinary carbide between two plugs of wadding and which serves as a purifier. The gas is obliged to pass through this tube before escaping by the cock, H, and in so doing it is purified. The water is poured into the cylinder, E, up to the proper level, after which the generator cylinder is put in place and the cover screwed on.

IMPROVING FOWLS.

This is done by the careful selection of the right kind to breed from. The person who has once reared pure bred fowls can never be induced to discard them for mongrels.

At no time, in any line of business, has actual merit failed to win the attention of progressive people. The available proofs of the superiority of pure bred stock over that of "scrubs," while not fully appreciated perhaps, are none the less making an impression upon the people that can but result in closer in-

vestigation, which in turn will convince the most incredulous that "blood does tell" in the increased yield of meat and eggs produced by pure bred fowls.

The "fancy" and "utility" talk, when argued at variance, seems absurd to us. Practical men with whom we have been talked and who have either large broiler plants or egg farms, assure us that they recognize the value of producing fowls that are uniform in size, shape and color and that they can see nothing to be gained, but rather much to be lost, in producing poultry that does not possess these characteristics.

Contrast, if you please, any of the standard breeds of today with their own kind of twenty or even ten years ago, and the marked improvements in type and useful qualities need no microscope to discover the profitable results that have accrued from intelligent methods so applied as to produce fowls that are not wanting in beauty or utility excellence of a high standard.

The improvements have been made by careful selection of a type that would produce the desired product. Every one versed in stock raising readily admits that there is a certain form of cow that readily indicates her superior qualities for the production of milk, while the beef form is so dissimilar that, once having seen these two types of the dairy and beef animal, no man, though he be a wayfaring fool, can fail to recognize a difference in the forms of the two. This is as true in fowls as in cows. The hen that is deep astern, has a keen eye, large comb, is active and alert without being too hawkish in appearance is the hen that will eat, digest and assimilate her food and will lay double the number of eggs that her opposite of type will.

That all reliable progress that has been made in poultry culture has been by the fancier is but conceding that which is just and true. Each step of progress has been made by having established an ideal for each variety of fowls and then striving to attain it. Every thoughtful man or woman who owns pure bred fowls is apt to be seized with the ambition (a very commendable ambition it is, too) to have as many nice specimens of the breed they own and as few poor ones as can be found at the yard of any other breeder, for there is often a great difference in individual birds of the same flock. It is because poultry raisers are possessed of a spirit that aims to excel that the desirable characteristics of the various breeds have become so fixed and the percentage of excellence as defined by the standard has been so universally increased by them.—Alvin Coll Pickering in National Poultry Journal.

Novel Weather Warnings.

It is proposed to use electric light signals at night and flags by day to warn the fruit growers of the Santa Clara valley as to the approaching weather conditions. Professor A. G. Adie of the weather bureau at San Francisco has suggested that during the months of February, March and April the orchardists be warned by colored lights of the approach of frosts, which would enable them to smudge by burning oil, etc. An electric tower 220 feet in height, located in San Jose, Cal., can be seen over the greater part of the county.

Solignum.

A Copenhagen chemist has succeeded in producing a material called "solignum," which possesses qualities which will render it of the greatest importance to the automobile industry. It is derived, it seems, from asphalt and can be used for the manufacture of linoleum, rubbers, insulators, etc. It is also claimed that it makes an absolutely waterproof paint in all colors.

A GUARANTEE CURE FOR PILES.

Hitching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. No cure, no pay. All druggists are authorized by the manufacturer of Pazo Ointment to refund the money where it fails to cure any case of piles, no matter of how long standing. Cures ordinary cases in six days; the worst cases in fourteen days. One application gives ease and rest. Relieves itching instantly. This is a new discovery and it is the only pile remedy sold on a positive guarantee, no cure, no pay. Price 50c.

Brains and Commercial Supremacy.

Our newly won commercial supremacy has been achieved by our high priced, intelligent and inventive workmen, not by the statesmanship of our financiers. The important factor in commerce today is neither labor nor capital, as such, but brains. I do not mean the "brains" of the Wall street manipulator any more than I mean the "brains" of the counterfeiter and bank sneak. Neither do I mean the "brains" of the monopolist who merely piles million upon million. The brute force of capital is not brains. The sort of intelligence upon which commercial greatness depends is that of the inventor, the skilled mechanic, the clerk or farmer or merchant who mixes thought with useful work.

The American workman is the most valuable producer of wealth the world has ever seen, yet in proportion to what he produces he receives less wages than any foreign worker. For instance, an English millmaker gets \$3 a week and produces 200 pounds of mids, while an American millmaker gets \$3 a week and produces 5,500 pounds. Thus, while American wages seem high, the worker is much cheaper to employ. At the English rate of pay an American millmaker would produce \$250 a week.—Herbert N. Casson in Arena.

Stories Told In Washington

(By Staff Correspondence.)
Washington, Dec. 9.—In the reconstruction of the White House, by which provision was made for an office for the president, there was an annoying oversight. The coal bin in the basement was on the wrong side of the building because the architects and builders forgot to make provision for the storage of coal until the president's office was nearly completed, and then there was nowhere else to put it.

Still another oversight was the failure to provide in the rear of the house facilities for the removal of coal ashes. So there has been placed in the front basement an ugly looking crane, and when ashes accumulate this is taken out and fastened beside the big front doors, and the ashes are hoisted to the ground in buckets. Naturally considerable dust is thus occasioned. Between the grime which fills the air when coal is unloaded and the ashes which fly when the fireroom is cleaned out it will probably not be long before the front of the executive offices, now a clear cream white, is two or three shades darker than the rest of the building.

The oversight regarding the coal bin caused the deliberations of the cabinet to be rudely disturbed the other day. A coal wagon loaded with anthracite drove up in front of the executive office, and the driver stopped his horses directly in front of the doors through which the cabinet ministers had just passed. He lifted an iron trap, disclosing a hole, into which he immediately began to shovel the coal. The din and clatter were tremendous and lasted for an hour, as half a dozen wagons were unloaded before the job was completed.

When the noise had become almost unendurable, Secretary Moody is said to have turned to Secretary Root and whispered:

"This strenuous president of ours is always making trouble."

"Why, what has he been doing now?" asked the war secretary.

"Well," replied the secretary of the navy under his breath, "if he hadn't interfered in the coal strike we probably wouldn't now be annoyed by this abominable clatter."

It was at the close of this cabinet meeting, so the story goes, that President Roosevelt gave Secretary Moody a quiet little rap. The holder of the naval portfolio ventured to make some jocular reference to the president's unsuccessful bear hunting experience in the Mississippi canyons.

"Well, I didn't mistake a negress for a turkey," is the retort reported from the president, and the laugh was on Secretary Moody.

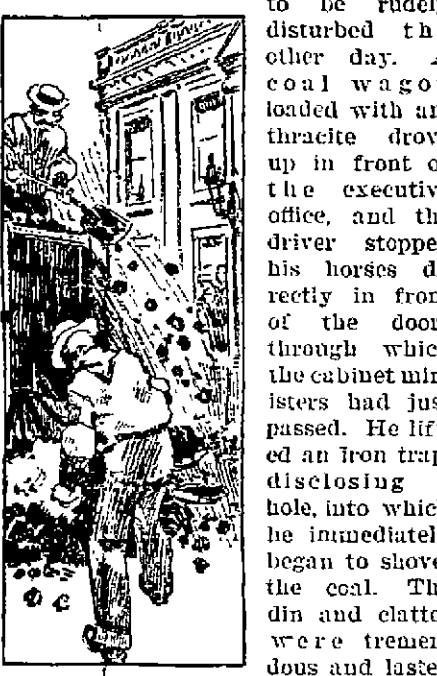
Some weeks ago the secretary came back from a hunting trip in South Carolina with a story that Commander Stoney of the Dolphin, who was with him, in firing at a turkey sent a load of shot into a big fat negro mammy. The commander insists that it was Secretary Moody who made this blunder and that the latter bought all the produce in the black mammy's garden and her chickens to loot at fancy prices to calm her wounded feelings.

The reassembling of congress always brings to the national capital a horde of patriots who are willing, for a consideration, to serve their country as consultants and secretaries of legations or in other positions "equally good." This time is no exception to the rule. The trials and tribulations as well as the persistency of some of these patriots during the period in which they are endeavoring to convince the appointive powers of their peculiar fitness for the places they seek are aptly illustrated by a story told in reminiscence mood by a well known state department official:

"We were a small coterie of do or die office-seekers camped in Washington for the purpose of landing big plums some years ago. The best hotel in town was none too good when we began our campaigns, and we came from almost every section of the country—it was here that we met and formed our trust. Among the number was a candidate for the post of minister to Siam, whose name I will not mention.

"The president was slow to recognize our abilities, and our friends in congress had difficulty in convincing him that the country needed our services, so we declined into a second rate boarding house. Time went, and so did our money. The president remained unconvinced, and we all landed in a cheap lodging house over a five cent lunch counter. Hope deferred made our appetites for office grow stronger, and we stuck it out in spite of dismal surroundings and very bad food.

"One day when we were all lined up at the lunch counter a friend rushed in waving an evening paper and grasped



THE DIN AND CLATTER WERE TREMENDOUS.

the candidate for Siam vigorously by the hand.

"Congratulations, old man!" he exclaimed, with a beaming face.

"What for?"

"You have landed Siam. Here it is in the paper. Name gone to the senate."

"Our friend turned white, dropped his piece of yesterday's apple pie on the floor and made a break for the street.

"Where are you going?" we shouted.

"To dinner. Send my trunk back to the Arlington. Don't suppose I can associate with common office-seekers, do you?"

"It was the first break in our ranks, and we didn't like the manner of his going at all, but as we all finally landed in civil service places and as our old friend has since been hunting for a job we forgive him."

The reasonable assurance that Hon. Joseph G. Cannon will be chosen speaker of the Fifty-eighth congress gives rise to a flood of stories about the veteran Illinois representative. Always a towering and interesting figure in public and private life, "Uncle Joe" is now more than ever the center of political attention.

While Mr. Cannon is a thorough and uncompromising Republican partisan and sees little of political virtue in the "other fellows," he is personally popular on both sides of the chamber of representatives, and his Democratic colleagues are quite willing to admit that he will make a good speaker. The Democrat who tries to tangle him up on a point of parliamentary law or procedure, however, will have a sorry job. "Uncle Joe" has been tangling other persons so long that he knows the entire system. He can play it with his eyes shut.

Once last winter Speaker Henderson called Mr. Cannon to the chair. There came a vote. Nine or ten "ayes" stood up. Cannon counted them slowly and deliberately. Then he called for the "noes." There were 150 of them. Cannon began to count.

The usual method by which an experienced speaker counts votes is to separate them into groups of ten. Read and Henderson were marvelously expert at it. They could tell how many men were standing on the floor in a twinkling.

Cannon sawed the voters off one by one with an up and down movement of his bony right arm. When he had laboriously reached fifteen, he leaned over to the clerk and said:

"Oh, never mind, make it a hundred."

As a presiding officer Mr. Cannon has always been a bit nervous in the chair, especially when the debate on the floor became heated. If a spirited discussion was in progress, he would invariably turn to Mr. Hinds, clerk at the speaker's desk and the parliamentary authority of the house, and say:

"Watch out now, Hinds. Keep track of things. I'm getting interested in this talk."

And then in less than three minutes he would beckon some member to the chair, return to the floor and plunge into the thick of the fight.

Representative Cannon when considering official business never wastes words and sometimes his countenance speaks volumes. One day during the last session a committee of the District's most prominent citizens called on Mr. Cannon in his capacity as chairman of the committee on appropriations to urge an appropriation for the beginning of the project for a memorial bridge across the Potomac river.

"We," said the leader of the delegation, "to talk over the matter of a memorial bridge."

"The what?" asked Mr. Cannon, looking up from a big pile of letters and accounts on his desk.

"The memorial bridge. You see?"

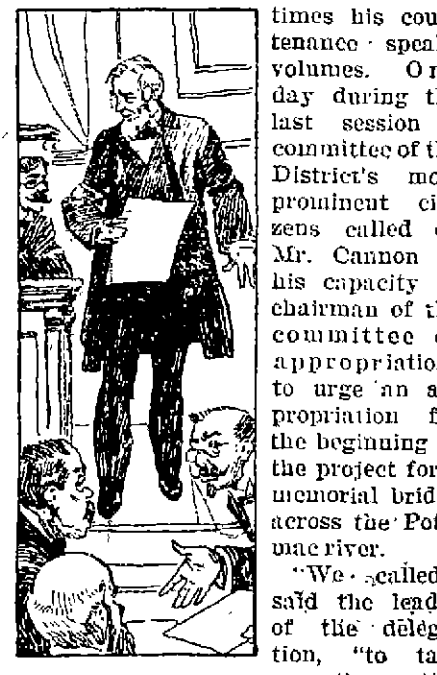
"He never got any further.

"Don't you know?"—And that was all "Uncle Joe" had to say in words, for, taking the cue from the expression of his face, the committee fled out of the room one after another, silent and wiser. This ended all efforts for an appropriation for the time being.

Referring to the incident the other day, a close friend of Mr. Cannon said:

"You always know what 'Uncle Joe' means by what he says and sometimes by what he does not say. He will be an ideal autocrat of the speaker's table."

SAMUEL HUBBARD.



"I'M GETTING INTERESTED."

FADS OF FASHION.
How the New Fads Are Used—Older Winter Materials.
(Special Correspondence.)
New York, Dec. 9.—Hunters' green and russet green in woolen materials are exceptionally handsome for winter, especially when trimmed with fur of a harmonizing color. Black, brown and some grays look well, but nothing is more artistic than beaver. Unfortunately beaver is very expensive, but there is a substitute for it so beautiful that no one could object to wear it. This is plucked and undyed racoon. This fur has a depth and beauty next to beaver, which it resembles to a remarkable degree. The color is like that of beaver. It makes any kind of trimming suitable for collars, bands and borders. On one of these greens it would make an ideal garniture.

In the illustration there are a collar, cuffs and a muff of grebe, which has not been seen much until now for several years, but it is very refined and durable, which chinchilla is not. Squirrel at first appeared to be in high favor, but the horse show, which stamps anything right or wrong, has put a very solid foot down on this fur for anything except automobile coats, so I do not know what those women who bought squirrel garments will do unless they turn them inside out and wear the lining.

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SAMUEL HUBBARD.



HUNTERS' GREEN CLOTH SUIT.

wear the fur as a lining. It is curious what an effect the horse show has upon fashion. What is worn there is at once accepted as law if not gospel.

Hats keep on, as Sam Weller said, "swellin' visibly," until it seems as if it were time to stop. On some of them one now finds great ornaments in metal and in some cases of semiprecious stones, like cat's paws and malachite. A woman can have anything she likes on her hat, and some persons will envy it. That is what we dress for, the mere men say.

Slot seams to all woolen stuffs are quite a rage just now, and they are usually finished at the ends with arrowheads of black saddle silk. Clover leaves in conventional designs are also seen, and clusters of three dots to finish and hold the seam. A majority of the walking dresses, especially those of broadcloth, are trimmed only with the stitching. Three to ten rows of such trimmings are put along the flounce or hem and on the coat or jacket.

Sleeves are different in shape according to the needs of the garment. The tailor gowns of thick material have rather close bishop shapes, with the cuffs, sometimes two or more of them one above the other. Ordinary house gowns have bishop, coat or half sleeves, as is preferred, only where it is a half sleeve there is an undersleeve of some kind. The lower or undersleeve, as one may like to call it, is of some thinner stuff than the rest of the dress. Sleeves for home wear are not at all large, but those for the long coats and cloaks for outdoors are enormous around the bottom.

Rough surfaced stuffs are the favorite materials for nearly all the ordinary gowns, but the broadcloths are really very fashionable, especially in cream and ivory white. It is remarkable how quickly the fancy for white street gowns has taken root. The white dresses of course are really fine enough for any possible occasion, but the street is scarcely the place for them. Several of the lightest tints are offered in the thick zibelines. One kind—a pale pink on the crushed strawberry order, with long silvery hairs over the surface—is exquisite for a young woman. Light French gray, which is almost white when the white hairs have been laid over the gray, is also very beautiful. Very light tan and pale blue are among the most desirable of these, but there are some darker colors in this stylish cloth. Trance, brown and a dark ox blood red are among them. A few of these zibelines have faint stripes, and some even show figures, but so overshadowed by the long hairs that one must look twice to see them. There is a novelty called porcupine cloth in nearly all the colors of the season woven in basket style, and in with the weaving there are long white hairs set so that they almost stand up like the frosty quills that we read about.

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F. W. HARFORD, MANAGER.

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CHARLES FROHMAN'S Annual Boston Museum Production,

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE

A STORY OF LIFE NEAR BOSTON.

Presented with the Complete Boston Museum Cast and Scenery. Principal characters by Sandol Milliken, Grace Henderson, Jennie Saffelien, George Earle, Edward Harrigan, Guy Bates Post, Arnold Daly, Charles Mackay and others.

Prices... 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

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NO. 118 MARKET ST.

Britt's Rise to Fame

Californian Lightweight Now In Line For Championship Title.

The world of pugilistic persuasion has been talking about that sturdy Californian lightweight, Jimmy Britt, since his defeat of Frank Erne in Frisco recently, and the general opinion is that he is the coming champion in his class. Britt is probably nearer being "a natural born fighter" than any other boxer in America today.

He would have found himself within the ropes listening to the yells of his admirers, some time might even had his father been governor of the state of California.

As the facts stand, when Jimmy Britt began his meteoric flight championshipward his parental ancestor was a supervisor of the city of San Francisco. He was also a wealthy contractor



JIMMY BRITT PUNCHING THE BAG.

who had made a fortune in the wholesale plumbing business. Britt's father has red hair and, like Rockwell, the now famous Yale fighting quarterback, has a pugacious, redheaded temperament.

Billy Britt, Jimmy's elder brother, was featherweight amateur champion of the coast for some years and outclassed all other aspirants to the title by a mile. Many efforts were vainly made to get him into the professional ranks.

Then Jimmy grew up, filled with the ambition to whip his elder brother. The two used to box together, and suddenly Billy found himself with more than he could handle. Jimmy was always going around with an invisible chip on his shoulder. In the "south of Market" district of San Francisco he became the ideal terror. All the professional fighters of his class and some of the heavier ones he sought out in their various rendezvous and one by one added them to his rough and tumble scalp belt.

Meantime he waded through amateur knuck deep in the big tournament held by the Olympic Athletic club of San Francisco, outclassing all comers and knocking them out with a McCoy like sneer of superiority. Then amateur fighting became too easy; he wanted more exercise. He had "rough housed" the "pro" talent and found the excitement just to his taste, and he determined to turn professional. Judging his fighting bent and incidentally—merely incidentally—gather in what Omar Khayyam refers to as "the golden grain." So he made Billy his man and started in.

So far Britt, in his one year's experience of the prize ring, has been remarkably successful. Not even Terry McGovern had a more startling and sudden success.

Tim Hearty, the Australian champion, rolled in the resin. Kill Lavigne was beaten to a quivering pulp. Now Frank Erne has been outfought, outboxed and knocked out. Erne is two spaces from the championship now. Britt is but one.

Yet as long as a black man holds the lightweight championship it is not likely that Britt will have any chance of wearing the belt. He has always said that he would never fight with a man of another race. In his position to keep to his original determination is easy.

He holds a responsible and well-salaried position in his father's employ. Fighting he went into to indulge his natural craving for excitement.

Outside of the prize ring he is a young business man, with a certain social position to retain, which he would lose if he met Gans.

Yet many fighters have given in to the urgings of their friends. Britt may some time succumb to the argument that the sport-loving world would be much pleased to see the lightweight championship held by a white man, and in that case there will be a battle of will and skill worth going far to see.

As to Tommy Leach.

Ban Johnson's imputation that Third Base Man Tommy Leach accepted \$1,000 advance money from the American league to play on one of its clubs is denied by Barney Dreyfuss. The Pittsburg president says Leach returned the check and has shown receipts to prove what he says.

Plenty of Kicking.

There were twenty-three punts in the recent Harvard-Yale football game.

role of Casius, which is, if properly done, the most effective character in the play, while more easily grasped than the Brutus.

Arthur Forrest played Mark Antony delightfully. This is the picturesque role of the play and the one which gets the applause, and none was lacking when Forrest was on the stage. His oration over the body of Caesar was superb. A stranger in New York, Arthur Greenaway, enacted Caesar and was pleasing. Casca, played by W. H. Denny, and Lucius, by Mona Harrison, were well sustained. The women, Fortia and Calpurnia, were in the hands of Dorothy Hammond and Maude Hoffman. I liked Fortia, but was not so well pleased with Calpurnia. There is much food for study in "Julius Caesar," and, for myself, I hope a Shakespearean time will come again in my day. There is mental food in every work of the great bard, and while some are not good "acting" plays they could be omitted.

When beauty and art combine to produce effect, there is sure to be pleasing results. Beauty in Maxine Elliott and Art, with a great big capital A, in Nat Goodwin are allied in the production of "The Altar of Friendship" at the Knickerbocker theater. The play is by Madeleine Lucette Ryley and is mild and harmless, but pretty and entertaining. With lesser lights in the principal roles I fear it would sputter and die. With Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott it will win. Mrs. Ryley must thank the fates that these artists have her play in hand. "The Altar of Friendship" was last year the vehicle selected for the starring tour of John Mason, which came to an untimely end. Such a play requires a Nat Goodwin. He gets more laughs and more sympathy from nothing than any actor I ever saw. He is real, he is natural, he is funny; therefore he is successful.

And, by the way, the best piece of work ever done by this gentleman was when he married Miss Elliott. Beautiful almost beyond compare she has shown that she possesses the ability to carry her through the plays in which her husband shines, and while she is a good actress she also supplies food for the eyes while we observe his finished art. As Sally Sartoris Maxine Elliott is charming. She is a very tall woman, and though heavier than formerly she is well proportioned.

Sally Sartoris is a wealthy American girl who each year takes a trip abroad husband hunting. Her father insists if this trip does not land some fish he will cut her off with \$40,000 and retire somewhere where she will not worry him any more. "That amount will not buy my hats," she dolefully explains to Richard Arbutnot. Then she tells him her father has arrived in London and she has fished to the extent of saying she is engaged. She has fortunately given no name, and Dick undertakes to help her by finding, inside of a month, a husband who will fill her requirements.

The sudden entrance of Colonel Sartoris compels Dick to pose as the future husband, and before they realize it they are "engaged." The old man is happy and the young folks are amused, though rather in a fix. Dick is a sort of all round good fellow and is always helping others. Arnold Winnifith, a rather contemptible rake in disguise of a gentleman, is to marry Florence Arbutnot, Dick's sister, next day, and it develops that he is entangled in a bad affair with Dick's typewriter. This girl, loving him well, agrees not to tell who is the guilty man, and the matter is unsuspected by any one, least of all Dick.

The indignant father, who has long been a beneficiary of Dick, but does not know him, comes to return a check left with a typewritten letter for Mary, his child, whose sad story he has just learned. Mistaking the man, whom he finds together, he accuses Dick, as his girl will not give names and he thinks not of any other man. The real culprit has just been married to Florence, and Dick, for his sister's sake, shoulders the blame, the old father declaring if he will not marry Mary no other woman shall ever be



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

his wife. The scamp of a groom goes off on a honeymoon and returns at the end of a month to find Dick in love with Sally, who refuses to marry him on account of Mary Pinner. Dick finally demands that the truth be told to the girl's father. Arnold refuses to do this. The truth is learned through a mistake of the girl, who returns Arnold Winnifith's letters to his wife, as she does not care to keep them now that he is married. All ends well. Sally repents her wrong judgment and asks Dick to give her back her ring.

The supporting company is rather poor.

MARY A. BARTOW.

New York.

THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

(Special Correspondence.)

Pegli, Italy, Nov. 28.—What is the Riviera? The word means "shore," and the name is applied to that part of the northern coast of the Mediterranean from a little eastward of Marseilles, France, to Spezzia, Italy. All the Riviera was formerly Italian territory, but since 1859 that part of it which includes Nice "as belonged to the French. Mentone is the border town. The shore west of it is the French Riviera, east of it the Italian Riviera.

Beautiful little Pegli is a suburb of Genoa, reached by train from that city in a few minutes. The English have long known Pegli as a quiet, old fashioned winter resort, where the temperature for the months of December, January, February and March averages 50 degrees. For the reason that it possesses so unobstructed a view of the Mediterranean to the westward its inhabitants claim that it enjoys an hour more of daily sunshine than some of the other Riviera resorts. There are no mountains or shore obstructions for the sun to sink behind early in the afternoon.

For centuries probably the Italians have looked on Pegli as a summer bathing place, and it fits this description, too, for even in hot weather the waters of the blue and purple Mediterranean are of bracing coolness because Pegli is so far north as to latitude. How far north it is difficult for Americans to realize when they come here in midwinter from Boston and New York and take sun baths with the thermometer sometimes at 70. The actual fact is that Pegli, the half tropical winter resort, is latitudinally 150 miles north of Boston and only about forty miles south of Halifax, Nova Scotia. If the American Atlantic coast had such a climate as that nature gave to the coast of western Europe, it would be the paradise of earth, with its clear sun shine and ocean purified air. Our Pacific coast is more like the shores of the Mediterranean.

All the world travels now. A new migration of nations has set in, not now to seek relief from overcrowded conditions or from love of adventure. There are no more adventures. Present day people travel through sheer restless love of novelty or from the even tamer motive of getting into a place where they are comfortable in body—warm in winter, cool in summer.

The migratory clans that desire to be warm in winter are already gathering at little Pegli, and numerous Americans are among them. Professor Lechowski, the meteorologist of Vienna, says the coming winter will be the coldest in fifty years, with snowstorms and violent winds. Tourists to Pegli are getting in out of the cold early. Well, we shall see.

All winter long the gardens here are green. There are two principal ones, the Pallavicini and the Rostau. They belong to private estates, but are open to the public. In the Pallavicini is a camphor tree of exceeding beauty and symmetry. The Rostau gardens are quite two centuries old and to this day show how low away back in the early eighteenth century trees and shrubs were stunted and pruned into various artificial shapes like the court dwarfs of the pharaohs. And little Pegli itself is older than Rome, so old that nobody knows who its aboriginal inhabitants were.

Pegli is like Genoa, Turin, Milan and other western Italian cities, a collection of glistening, whitewashed stone



houses, with walls sometimes a yard thick, more or less, these gleaming out dazzling in the sunshine from among beautiful green trees and shrubbery. All these Italian cities have palaces containing rare and admirable works of art—oh, yes, splendid works of art—but, alas and alack, no steam heat, not even an old fashioned hot air furnace. The Italians and the English, who till recently have been the leading winter tourists here, do not know what real warmth and comfort in winter are. Worse still, they are not aware of their misery.

A furnished flat, or "apartment," as I suppose one ought to say, can be hired here for from \$30 to \$60 a month if one does not wish to live in a hotel. Finally, Pegli is one of the few resorts left in this world where there are no mosquitoes. It is as pleasant in summer as in winter, and you can sit outdoors any time of the day or night without being forced to dance about because of these poisonous pests. For that reason it is well worth visiting by Americans in the summer time.

BEN JOYCE.

Caught Again.

Maud (under the mistletoe).—Now George, you must take only one.

George.—But one from one leaves nothing. Let's make it one each and tie.

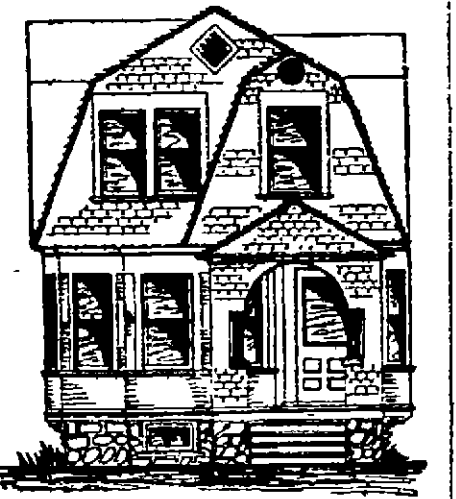
Maud (shyly).—Oh, well, it's sudden, but you may ask papa.—Yonkers Statesman.

A UNIQUE DWELLING.

Model Eight Room House For a Narrow Lot—Cost \$2,200.

(Copyright, 1902, by Dennis & Gastmeyer, Architects, 230 Broadway, New York.)

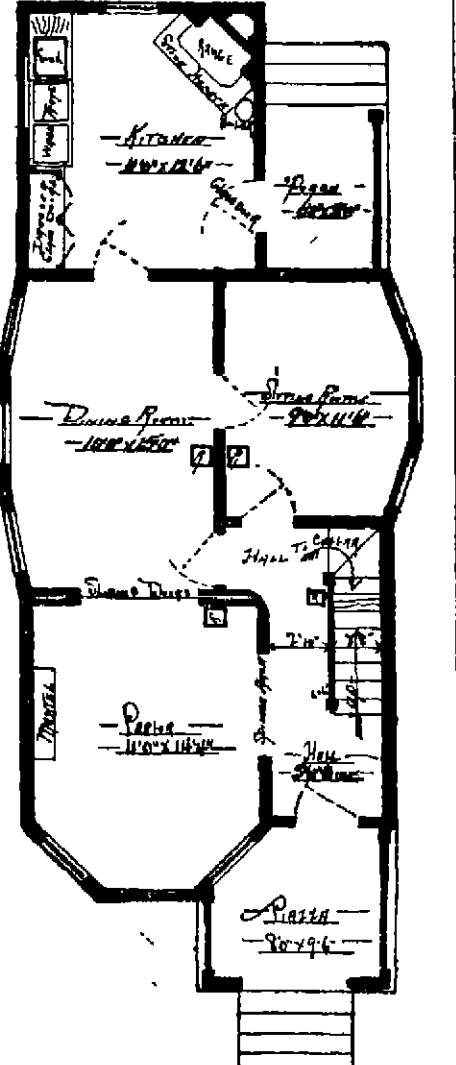
The accompanying front view, with the floor plans, was designed especially for us to represent a model eight room house at a low cost for a twenty-five foot lot. This house is well and conveniently arranged in every detail and has good, comfortably sized rooms. There is a cellar under the entire house, and the walls are of local stones



FRONT ELEVATION.

laid in cement mortar at random and pointed in red mortar above grade lines where exposed to view. The cellar also contains coal bins, storeroom and hot air furnace, which heats the entire house.

The frame is built of spruce and hemlock, with a mortise and tenoned frame. The exterior walls are sheathed, papered, sided and shingled, as shown in the front view. The main roof is covered with heavy random width cedar shingles. All the windows except in

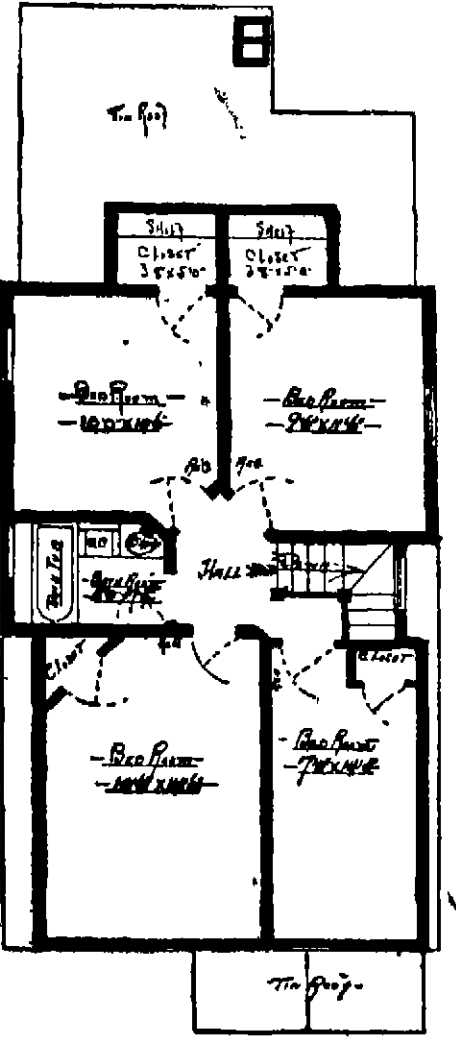


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

the cellar have outside blinds, with wrought steel hinges, spring hooks, etc. The exterior walls are painted with two good coats of white lead and zinc paints of such colors as are desired. All shingles are covered with stains of shades to correspond with other colors and are brush coated.

The interior is plastered with patent plaster finished on the brown coat for tinting and papering. The floors are laid with narrow white pine flooring boards well blind nailed.

The trim throughout is of cypress, with special patterns and cabinet mold-



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

ed heads to all doors and windows. The main stairs are of oak. The interior woodwork is finished in the natural wood, with liquid fillers and two coats of varnish properly rubbed between the coats. The parlor is finished in white enamel and gold.

This makes a very nice and attractive home for almost any location and can be built complete at a cost of \$2,200.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Congregational Church—Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 m. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

Baptist Church—Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. Gile, 7:30 p. m. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 m. Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:45 p. m. All are invited.

Freewill Baptist Church—Rev. Charles H. Tucker, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Other services at the usual hours.

Christian Church—Rev. F. H. Gardner, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening, and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

Old St. John's Church—Episcopal—Church hill—Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector. Sunday at 10:30 a. m., morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00. Holy days, 10:30 a. m. Evensong Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Fridays, Ember days in chapel at 7:30 p. m. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 p. m. At the evensong service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. At all the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

Christ Church—Episcopal—Madison street, head of Austin street—Rev. Charles LeV. Brine, rector. On Sundays, holy communion at 7:30, matins or holy communion at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Evensong at 7:30 p. m. On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 a. m., evensong (daily) at 5:00; on Friday, evensong at 7:30 p. m. Holy communion Thursday at 7:30 a. m. On holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 9:00 a. m., evensong at 7:30 p. m. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

Methodist Episcopal Church—State street—Rev. Thomas Whiteside, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00 o'clock. Preaching service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Junior league and church service at 7:00 p. m. Social service Tuesday evening and class meeting Friday evening each at 7:30 O'clock. All are cordially invited. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Administration of the holy sacrament the first

Church of Christ—Universalist—Pleasant street, cor. Jenkins avenue. Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor. Sunday in the month at 11:45 a. m. Good music. Y. P. C. U. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30, in the vestry. Strangers are especially welcome.

Unitarian Church—Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 m. All are invited.

Advent Church—C. H. Shurtliff, pastor. Social service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Prayer meeting at 2:45 and 7:30 p. m. service at 7:15 p. m. All are invited.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—Rev. Patrick J. Finnegan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.

Y. M. C. A.—William Frederic Hoehn, general secretary. Association rooms open from 9:00 a. m., to 9:30 p. m. Men's meeting, Sundays, at 3:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Salvation Army—Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 a. m. Roll call meeting at 10:00 a. m. Free and easy at 3:00 p. m. Salvation meeting at 8:00 p. m.

Christian Science—Woman's Exchange building—Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m., followed by Sunday school, and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

People's Church—Rev. R. L. Harris, pastor. Service from 11:00 to 12:00 a. m., Sundays. Sunday school at 3:00 p. m. Praise meeting at 7:30 p. m. Preaching at 8:00 p. m. Young people's meeting on Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. Cottage meetings on Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend these services which are free to all.

First Methodist Church, Kittery—Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m.

Second Methodist Church, Kittery—Rev. E. C. Andrews, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Epworth league meeting at 8:00 p. m. Evening service at 7:00. All are cordially invited.

Advent Christian Church, So. Eliot—Rev. George W. Brown, pastor. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting at 11:30 a. m. Preaching at 2:00 p. m. All are welcome.

Second Methodist Church, So. Eliot—Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor. Sunday school at 1:00 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m.

Portsmouth Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head at 7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 7:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7:50 a. m., 8:50 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Boar's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. Cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning, Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:05 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road 7:50 a. m., 8:50 a. m. and 10:40 p. m. Leave Little Boar's Head 9:10 p. m. and 10:10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05.

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05.

*Omitted Sundays.
*Omitted holidays.
||Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass' and Ticket Agent. WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

PORTSMOUTH KITTERY AND YORK STREET RAILWAY

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect Nov. 5, 1902.

To Portsmouth—From York Beach. 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 11:15, 12:45, 2:15, 3:45, 5:15, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45.

To York Beach—From Portsmouth first car through to York Beach leaves at 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30, 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00.

Mail and express car, week days—Leaves York Beach for Portsmouth at 7:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Leave Portsmouth for York at 10:55 a. m. and 3:55 p. m.

*Cancelled Sunday.
Notice—The ferry leaves Portsmouth 5 minutes before the even hour and half hour.

For special and extra cars address W. G. MELOON, Gen. Man.

Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co.

Leaves Greenacre, Eliot—6:10, 6:45, 7:15, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10 a. m., 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10 p. m.

*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—7:30, 11:00, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greenacre: 1:10 a. m.

*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.

*Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot. *To Kittery and Kittery Point only.

||Runs to Staples' store only.

Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; Squit Eliot school house No. 7 to Greenacre: 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co.'s, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

April 1 Until September 30.

Leaves Navy Yard—7:55, 8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 6:50, 7:40 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m., 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30 to 10:30, 11:30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8:10, 8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m., 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:40, 7:40 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00 to 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays. GEORGE F. F. WILDE, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard. Approved: J. J. READ, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commander.

TIME TABLE.

Portsmouth & Exeter Electric Railway.

Cars Leave Portsmouth for Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter at 6:35 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9:35 p. m. After that time one car will leave Portsmouth at 10:30, running to Greenland Village and Stratham only.

Cars Leave Exeter for

Stratham, Greenland Village and Portsmouth at 5:45 a. m. and every hour until 9:45 p. m. After that a car will leave Exeter at 10:45 and run to Greenland Village only.

Theatre Cars.

(Note) The last car from Portsmouth to Greenland Village, Stratham and Exeter waits at Portsmouth until the conclusion of performances at the opera house.

OSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement. (In effect October 13, 1902.)

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3:47, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 2:21, 5:00, 7:28 p. m. Sunday, 3:47, 8:00 a. m., 2:21, 5:00 p. m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:22, 8:45, 9:15 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 8:45, 9:15 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

For North Conway—9:55 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.

For Dover—1:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:47 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:48 a. m., 8:47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 5:00 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

For Greenland—7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 5:00 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 1:00, 10:10 a. m., 12:30, 3:40, 4:45, 7:00, 7:40 p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a. m., 6:30, 7:00, 7:40 p. m.

Leave Portland—1:50, 9:00, a. m., 12:45, 6:00 p. m. Sunday, 1:50 a. m., 12:45, 5:00 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m., 4:15 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a. m., 3:50, 6:25 p. m. Sunday, 7:00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a. m., 4:05, 6:39 p. m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:40, 4:30, 6:30, 9:20 p. m. Sunday, 7:30 a. m., 9:20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50 a. m., 2:13, 4:59, 6:16 p. m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06 a. m., 7:59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9:28, 11:55 a. m., 2:19, 5:05, 6:21 p. m. Sunday 6:30, 10:12 a. m., 8:05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9:35 a. m., 12:01, 2:24, 5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18 a. m., 8:10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8:30, a. m., 12:40, 5:25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8:39 a. m., 12:49, 5:33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:07 a. m., 1:02, 5:58 p. m.

Epping—9:23 a. m., 1:16, 6:14 p. m.

Raymond—9:32 a. m., 1:27, 6:25 p. m.

Returning leave.

Concord—7:45, 10:25 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

Manchester—8:32, 11:10 a. m., 4:20 p. m.

Raymond—9:10, 11:48 a. m., 5:02 p. m.

Epping—9:22 a. m., 12:00 m., 5:15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m., 12:16, 5:55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10:01 a. m., 12:28, 6:08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

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Christmas strawberries are being picked this week on the plantation of Fritz Horres, in St. Andrews parish, across the river from Charleston, S. C. There is a ten acre field in full bloom, and as the berries were not due until May the remarkable yield has astonished the truck farmers. It is said that this is the first time in the history of the planters that a May crop ripened early in December, and unless there is an unexpected frost, Horres will make a small fortune on the crop. The berries find a ready sale in New York at the starting price of \$2.50 a quart. Local dealers who wanted to corner the market for home consumption had to abandon the idea when informed of the price, as Charlestonians will not pay such extraordinary prices for a fruit that is often a drug on the market in the spring and early summer. Hundreds of people have driven over to St. Andrews parish to view the fields. The berries ripened in the open and without the aid of hot house fixtures. Horres says it is the first time on record that a ten acre field was seen in full bloom in December, and he says it will be possible to gather the fruit from every acre. The berries are firm and sweet, and have lost none of their rich flavor from being picked out of season.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church on Sunday forenoon the pastor Rev. George B. Leighton will preach on "The Church in the World." Romans XII, 1.

The Young Peoples' Christian Union will, at its meeting in the vestry at 6.30 o'clock, listen to a paper by Miss Alice J. Hanson on "The power of cheerfulness." Proverbs XV, 13. A hearty welcome is extended to all worshippers.

The next entertainment by this parish will be given during the Christmas tide, by the young people, who will present the cantata "The Crowning of Christmas." A chorus of about fifty voices will assist. This will be a spirited and melodious entertainment.

"The Streets of Tokio," presented on Wednesday and Thursday evening by the ladies of this parish, will not be the goodly sum of quite \$200, a splendid result considering the weather conditions of both nights.

The chairman of all the committees have been called to meet in the vestry on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock to present the Tokio bills and to audit accounts.

The recent turkey dinner netted \$88.25.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

An unusually fine display of designs in Pyrography or burnt work is to be offered at the store of Mrs. C. H. Clough, No. 99 Congress street, on Monday and Tuesday next which will be well worth inspecting.

The artistic makers of the same are Miss Annie Phillips of Haverhill, Mass., and Miss Caroline A. Tebbott of our city, and from an advertisement of the same the Chronicle can assure those interested that the exhibit will be of a high class. Included in the collection is a great variety of useful and decorative articles. The general designs are as deftly done as they are exquisite.

To Sleep Well

get your stomach and liver acting right. The easiest, quickest and safest way to do it is to use

Beecham's

Pills

hold everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.

A POST CHECK SYSTEM.

For years the public has been annoyed beyond measure by the slow, ancient methods provided by the postal department for safe transmission of small sums of money by mail. Money orders are inconvenient to both sender and receiver. The Post

HAPPENINGS IN EXETER.

Jenkins Chosen Captain Of The Academy Football Team

Report Of Treasurer Of Cottage Hospital Made Public.

Budget Of Other Timely Topics From Our Special Correspondent.

Exeter, Dec. 12.

The election last evening of Lemuel K. Jenkins, '92, of Beverly, Mass., as captain of next year's Phillips-Exeter football team was quite a surprise to probably everybody in town except the members of the team and to one or two newspaper representatives, the latter being secretly "put on" by friends on the team yesterday afternoon. It was not supposed that any of the men who would graduate in June would return and that the honor would therefore fall on an undergraduate. Jenkins has lately, however, decided to take a post graduate course.

Jenkins is nineteen years of age, weighs 179 pounds, when in training, and is five feet and eleven inches in height. He came here in the fall of 1901 from the Beverly High school, where he played full back on the eleven. He was sub full back here last year until within two weeks of the Andover game when he displaced Peters. This year had no difficulty in making the team. He was surely Exeter's best man in the back field. Cool and steady all the time, a fierce hucker and a hard tackler, he was always a man to be relied upon. He is a hard runner to down and often runs many yards with several men of the opposing team on his back. His work in the Andover game was one of the redeeming features of Exeter's playing.

Jenkins is a very quiet fellow and for that reason there are many who do not think that he will make an ideal captain. In fact he is almost an exact repetition of Capt. Chadwick of this year's Yale eleven, who had little faith placed in him, because of his quiet manners, but who in reality turned out to be one of the greatest leads in the history of the blue. And so Exeter's supporters have great hopes for a successful team here next fall. Jenkins is a scholarship man and is preparing for Harvard.

Among the well known athletes who will enter Phillips-Exeter next year are Beaver, the crack end of this year's Carlisle Indian team. It is said, on good authority, too, in academy circles that Exeter tried to secure a football game with the Indians here this fall. An attempt will probably be made again next year. There is good feeling between the Indians and Exeter. George S. Connors, trainer of the academy football team until the season closes and then goes to Carlisle to help that team until Thanksgiving.

Another athlete who will enter Exeter next term is a well known long distance runner of New England, who was reported last June to have registered at Andover.

The Red Men's fair is ended, the prizes awarded, the money made and the town hall almost as desolate as is generally the case. At the ball last evening there were a large number of visitors present from Stratham, Portsmouth, Durham and Newmarket. The voting last evening was very brisk, especially that for the most popular fire company.

The award of prizes was as follows: For selling the most tickets, first prize, Miss Annie Barnea, gold watch; second prize, Miss Pearl Davis, silver watch; third prize, Miss Annie Weeks, box of confectionary. Herbert L. Seekins guessed the correct number of seeds in a large squash, 327, and secured an elegant couch. The nearest guesser on the pumpkin were by Dr. H. C. Day and J. Fred Emery, each guessing 411, within two of the correct number. The prize was a rug. In the hospital booth there was a dolly which was to be drawn by lot. It was secured by Herbert L. Seekins.

The report of the treasurer of the Cottage hospital shows that the donations to the institution during November, especially at Thanksgiving, were very large. The cash gifts included \$12.69 from the Baptist church, Emily A. Locke, Seabrook, \$7.00, a friend, \$5.00, Harlan P. Amos, \$5.00, ways and means committee as a balance from the loan exhibit, \$11.00, Miss H. E. Tilton, \$1.00, Miss Ellen

L. Wentworth, \$5.00, Mrs. Mary E. Bell, \$10.00.

Following is the report of Harry A. Gregg, manager of the football team, at the academy the past fall: Total receipts to date, \$2,452.97; total expenses, \$2,481.15; balance on hand, \$71.79; unpaid subscriptions, \$26.90, making a grand total of \$507.79.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae association of the Robinson Female Seminary will be held in the school chapel on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27, from three to six o'clock.

F. Otis Tilton went to Hanover today on business.

At last evening's meeting of Sagamore lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F., Deputy Grand Master Lamont Hilton of Portsmouth made an official visit. At next week's meeting the third degree will be worked and the officers for the coming year nominated.

A pocket book at the police station containing a sum of money awaits the owner.

The members of the Royal Ladies' court of Friendship council, Royal Arcanum, held an interesting meeting last evening. There were piano solos by Miss Grace Chesley and Miss Eleanor Collins. Progressive whist was played. Refreshments were served.

A meeting of the creditors of Edward H. Balch, who failed recently will be held at Portsmouth tomorrow for the purpose of choosing a trustee.

The Phillips-Exeter Mandolin club opened the season at Newburyport this evening. The club gives great promise of having a successful season.

The public schools closed this afternoon for the Christmas vacation. In all the lower grades there were Christmas exercises consisting of speaking and singing.

F. Otis Tilton has been drawn as a juror of the United States district court which convenes at Concord next Tuesday.

The drama and dance of the Kensington baseball team postponed last Friday on account of the storm will be given on Friday evening, Dec. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Allan Proctor of Gloucester, Mass., passed yesterday and today in town.

The annual meeting of the Exeter Veteran Fireman's association will be held next Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock. The annual election of officers will take place.

The Exeter branch of the National Alliance will hold a sale of fancy articles, food and home made candies next Wednesday of the Unitarian church.

The annual meeting of the Exeter Co-operative bank will be held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 16, at 7.30 o'clock for the election of officers.

Peter Eno, manager of yard No. 9 of the New England Brick company, which is situated just across the line in East Kingston, has resigned. His place will be taken by a Mr. Pinaud of Boston.

A MID-WINTER EXCURSION.

Summer excursions frequently take place on the river but they are seldom heard of during the winter. There was something of this kind on Friday afternoon, however.

About four o'clock, the workmen on the U. S. S. Raleigh heard loud noises from the river and going to the side saw a party of four men in a small boat heading for Henderson's Point. Two of the men were standing upright and were evidently settling an argument without gloves. The point at issue might have been the license question, the high price of coal or which was the better oarsman. At one time it looked as if the daring pleasure seekers might take an involuntary bath in the cold Piscataqua, but by rare good fortune they escaped that experience.

ARTIST'S WORK AMONG WILD ANIMALS.

An artist engaged for many years in painting the eyes of wild animals relates some thrilling adventures which he has gone through in the pursuit of his work. On one occasion, in attempting to paint the eyes of an Indian elephant, Mr. Hurd says: "After many unsuccessful attempts, which made me more and more nervous, and the elephant more and more restless, we put the shackles on him—heavy chains, fastened with huge iron bracelets around his legs. This only made matters worse, and the elephant grew so wild that the keepers had to use their whips and other por-

IT IS IMPORTANT.

To Know What You Are Taking When Using Catarrh Medicines.

Catarrh is the short route to consumption, and the importance of early and judicious treatment of catarrh, whether located in the head, throat or bronchial tubes, cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The list of catarrh cures is as long as the moral law and the forms in which they are administered, numerous and confusing, from sprays, inhalers, washes, ointments, and salves to powders, liquids and tablets.

The tablet form is undoubtedly the most convenient and most effective, but with nearly all advertised remedies it is almost entirely a matter of guess work as to what you are taking into your system, as the proprietors, while making all sorts of claims as to what their medicines will do, always keep it a close secret as to what they are.

The success and popularity of the new catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, is largely because it not only cures catarrh, but because catarrh sufferers who use these tablets know what they are taking into their systems. Stuart's Catarrh Tablets being composed of Red Gum, Blood Root and similar valuable and antiseptic ingredients, and are pleasant to the taste and being dissolved in the mouth they take immediate effect upon the mucous lining of the throat, nasal passages and whole respiratory tract.

The cures that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have accomplished in old chronic cases of catarrh are little short of remarkable, and the advantage of knowing what you are putting into your stomach is of paramount importance when it is remembered that the cocaine or morphine habit has been frequently contracted as the result of using secret catarrh remedies.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets meet with cordial approval from physicians, because their antiseptic character renders them perfectly safe for the general public to use and their composition makes them a common sense cure for all forms of catarrhal troubles.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full sized packages.

ARRANGING THE SCHEDULE.

Cars To Be Run From Dover To York Village In Forty-Five Minutes.

The rapid progress that is being made in the building of the Dover and York electric railroad sets at rest any doubts as to the completion and operation of the line early next season.

One of the things that has not yet been decided is the location of the company's new power plant, but among the officials the question is now being agitated, and from all that can be learned at the present time the opinion seems mostly favorable to York Corner. According to the ideas of General Manager Meloon and others this seems to be the only proper place for it as the power distribution from this point will be better adapted for the entire system than any other location.

Mr. Meloon is now engaged in working out a schedule of time for the new road which he thinks will be wholly practical and fit in most admirably with the half hour summer service on the P. K. and Y. This schedule makes the running time of cars from York Village to Central square in Dover just 45 minutes. To attain this he allows certain rates of speed in different localities, the highest of which is 22 miles an hour on cross country cuts. On highways and in

more frequented places the speed allowance is cut as low as six miles an hour.

The route from York Corner to Dover lies almost in a straight line, and the actual distance from York Village to Central square in Dover is only thirteen miles. Unless one takes a map and follows the line of the proposed road he can hardly conceive that the distance is so short when the electric road to Portsmouth, a much nearer point, is fully as long. But it must be remembered that the electric road to Portsmouth follows an extremely circuitous route, while that to Dover would be almost in a straight line.

With an excellent road bed, fine rolling stock and plenty of power, things already assured, it is not impossible the 45 minute schedule may be bettered. It probably will be in time, but even on this basis the great advantage to be gained by York and Eliot people is most apparent and will be easily availed.

General Manager Meloon believes that a direct route to York Beach for the Dover line will be essentially the most practicable, although he doubts if the arrangement can be effected before next season as the work already laid out to connect with the P. K. and Y., at York Corner is all the projectors can hope to accomplish in one year. But he thinks that this plan will be ultimately carried out.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S ANNUAL BOSTON PRODUCTION.

Clyde Fitch's new play, The Bird in the Cage, which was chosen by Charles Frohman for his annual production at the Boston Museum and recently presented there with great success, is coming to Music hall next Friday evening.

The Boston production was the first of the piece on any stage and it was given with elaborate settings, such as Sky Farm had last season, and with a cast of unusual excellence. Mr. Frohman took personal pains to see that every detail of the preparations was carried out, while Mr. Fitch, the author, directed the rehearsals himself and continued to thrill the actors even after the successful opening performance, so as to insure as far as possible even better running.

Of the new play itself, all that need be said is that it is in Mr. Fitch's most attractive style and that theatre goers who look for the disclosure of some striking novelty in scene or character will not be disappointed. The piece is different from Mr. Fitch's other plays, however, in that it does not deal with the "smart set." The author has a very apt and happy touch in depicting the follies and foibles of fashionable society and that sort of work is usually expected from his pen. But this time, with The Bird in the Cage, he goes to the plain people for his types and weaves a number of them into a simple yet charming story of love and sacrifice, and he treats the characters with the same care and deftness that he did his high life types in his other plays. All the delightful marks of his style and play making methods accordingly pervade his composition of The Bird in the Cage.

Mr. Frohman's picked cast of principals includes Edward Harrigan, (who now makes his first appearance on the stage after an absence of several seasons) Arnold Daly, Sandoz Milliken, Guy Bates Post, Grace Henderson, Charles Mackay, Jennie Satterlee and others.

The engagement of this attraction is announced here for but one night, owing to the brief intervening time before the forthcoming run of the piece in New York.

A Growing Union.

Among the organizations in Chicago that have made rapid strides in the work of adding to their membership during the past summer few have been more successful than the United Order of Boxmakers and Sawyers. In July last the entire membership of the union in the city did not amount to 1,300. Since that time the girls in the paper box factories of the city have been brought into the fold, and the membership at the present time is 5,800, of whom 3,200 are women and girls. Several factories are still unorganized, and the work of bringing them together is being vigorously pushed. Since the formation of the unions of girls better conditions have been secured in several large factories.

Illegal Convict Contracts. The attorney general of Illinois has rendered an opinion in which he states that all existing convict labor contracts are a violation of the constitution. He further states that a state has no authority to make contracts for the employment of the inmates of penal institutions.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon; Vice Pres., James Lyons; Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn. Composed of delegates from all the local unions. Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble; Sec., E. W. Clark. Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres., William B. Randall; Vice Pres., Harrison O. Horr; Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young; Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster; Sergeant Arms, Wilbur E. Shaw. Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons; Rec. Sec., Charles H. Colson. Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman; Sec., John Molloy. Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.

Pres., John Harrington; Sec., William Dunn. Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., Frank Bray; Sec., Brainard Hersey. Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison; Sec., Walter Staples. Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman; Sec., James D. Brooks. Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres., John Long; Sec., Frank Ham. Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon; Sec., James McNaughton. Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Dennett; Rec. Sec., John Parsons. Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere Conbig; Sec., Michael Leyden. Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane; Sec., Eugene Sullivan. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams; Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam; Fin. Sec., John Connell. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse; Sec., James E. Chickering. Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.

Pres., James H. Cogan; Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright; Treas., Edward Amazeen. Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

Professional Cards.

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S. DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D. 84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H. Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D., Residence, 98 State St. Office, 26 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H. 100 ROOMS | 100 to 1000

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, *E. W. L.* on every box. 25c.
Cures Crip in Two Days.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Bismuth or Iodine in the cure of Gonorrhea. CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. Sold by all druggists.

HERE AT HOME.
Portsmouth Citizens Gladly Testify.

It is testimony like the following that has placed "the old Quaker Remedy" so far above competitors. When people right here at home raise their voices in praise there is no room left for doubt. Read the public statement of a Portsmouth citizen.

Mrs. C. H. Gould, of 12 Cass street says: "Reading one evening in a newspaper I came across an advertisement about Doan's Kidney Pills and it occurred to me that they would be good for my son. He had weak kidneys for years, having been injured by a toss from a cow. For a long time after the mischance it was thought he would not recover and when he was able to get around, his kidneys were in a very serious condition. Finally it developed into a very bad back accompanied with urinary weakness, dizziness and pains in the head. I got Doan's Kidney Pills for him at Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block. They proved to be the very thing he required. The aching and the lameness in the back stopped. The urinary weakness was corrected and in all other ways he was improved."

cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
20 High Street.

OLIVER W. HAM,
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
— AND —
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Haynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.



FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE OR BUSINESS

anywhere in New England. Send full description at once. City, country or elsewhere. C. K. ANDERSON & SON, 45 Milk St., Boston.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Horse Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Established about 18 years. Terms liberal, as I am not able to continue in it. Apply to G. J. Greenleaf, back of Post Office. je17,cahit

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When placing your insurance remember the old firm, Hiley & George. je17,cahit

GRATIFICATIONS—You can buy groceries, all kinds of meats, provisions and vegetables at W. H. Smith's as cheap as at any other place in the city.

A YOUNG MAN (23) wishes board for 1 year in a private family. Price must be moderate. H. P. W., Box 5235, Boston, Mass. deod,cahit

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS
FOR THE CURE OF
BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND BOWELS.
This is a purely vegetable medicine, and is the only one of its kind that is so effective. It is sold in all drug stores, and by mail for 25 cents per box. Send for a free trial box to Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills, 10, South Street, New York, N. Y.

PAY JUST DEBTS.

This is England's Demand of Venezuela

Lord Lansdowne Says Great Britain Feels No Antipathy.

Castro Is Anxious For Mediation Of The United States.

London, Dec. 12.—Foreign Secretary Lansdowne in the course of a speech tonight before the United Club, said that he did not believe that Great Britain in any part of the world was open to the charge of bearing inveterate antipathy to anyone; not even to Venezuela.

If that republic, said Lord Lansdowne, would desist from committing outrages upon British subjects and British property, if she would pay her just debts and if she would reply to diplomatic representations made to her in perfectly courteous language, there would be no necessity whatever for any quarrel.

Wants American Mediation.

Washington, Dec. 12.—A cablegram received at the state department today from Minister Bowen at Caracas, says that the Venezuelan government has requested him to propose to Great Britain and Germany that the differences arising out of the claims for alleged damages and injuries to British and German subjects during the civil war be submitted to arbitration.

In conformity with the understanding already reached with the representatives of the British and German governments here, this proposition from President Castro will be duly laid before those governments. The state department acting merely as a channel of communication. Not much hope is entertained of the favorable reception of the proposition, for it is felt that the difficulty has progressed too far for a settlement by the peaceful method of arbitration.

The reprisals made by the Venezuelans for the destruction of their navy, in the seizure of British ships and the arrest of German and British subjects, have practically turned the relations between the countries into those of real war, although technically the principals prefer to designate it as something less.

In doing so Great Britain and Germany are simply following the course taken during the war with China, when, notwithstanding the fact that the allied fleet battered down Taku and captured and distributed a number of Chinese naval vessels, no declaration of war was forthcoming.

Great Britain Disclaims.

London, Dec. 12.—The foreign office informs the Associated Press that the British government disclaims the responsibility for the sinking of the Venezuelan vessels off La Guaira, which it entirely attributes to the German forces.

It is understood that nearly all the Venezuelan news which the British government gets comes through the state department at Washington and is based on Minister Bowen's messages.

The British foreign office so far has no trace of the reply to the demands of the powers which Venezuela is reported to have transmitted to Great Britain and Germany through the United States consul at La Guaira, though it has officially received a copy of President Castro's proclamation.

The foreign office officials also say that they have not received information to the effect that Venezuela has requested Minister Bowen to act as arbitrator.

They think it is not likely that the proposition has been made and if such is the case they don't consider that arbitration at this stage would be acceptable to Great Britain.

As Paris Sees It.

Paris, Dec. 12.—A foreign office official made the following statement to the correspondent of The Associated Press: "No exchange of views has occurred between the European powers concerning the Venezuelan situation and no such exchange is intended, for it is definitely held that the affair is one in which the United States should be left to take the initiative in mediation."

This statement was called out by the suggestion of The Times that it was time for Europe to speak in the

Something wrong
Many children who are troubled with indigestion, sour stomach, griping pains above the navel, constipation and similar symptoms of a worm, are many times treated for other diseases. The cure remedy that will relieve them is True's Pin Worm Elixir. It is unequalled as a tonic and restorative of vital energy. Follows years the standard household remedy for children. Also a sure remedy for adults. Get the children to guard against worms. Sold by all druggists. Send for booklet. DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR
WILL CURE IT

Interest of universal peace.

The official added: "It is fully recognized here and at the other capitals that the United States is the only power in a position to act as an intermediary. Hence there is no intention on the part of the European powers to take concerted or individual action."

The release of the French steamer Ossun, seized by the Germans at La Guaira, has not yet been reported to the foreign office, but the officials accept the unofficial reports of her release, thus relieving the incident of its gravity.

After an exchange of cable messages it has been agreed to appoint a distinguished Spanish jurist as referee in the Franco-Venezuelan arbitration. His name will not be announced until the arbitration assembly at Caracas.

BROUGHT TO ROCKLAND.

Shipwrecked Crew Of Tug Astral Reaches A Haven.

Rockland, Me., Dec. 12.—The ship wrecked crew of the tug Astral of the Standard Oil company, with oil barge No. 76, was brought here late today by the revenue cutter Woodbury, reporting the wreck of the Astral off Mount Desert rock. One of the crew was lost.

The tug now lies in six or seven fathoms of water.

A SERIOUS CLASH.

French Police And Strikers Engage In A Conflict.

Marseilles, France, Dec. 12.—The first collision between the strikers and the police occurred today. Several persons on both sides, including a commissary of police, were injured. The clash was the outcome of an attempt to destroy the track in front of a car loaded with coal.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending December 10, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Atkinson.—Sarah N. and Mary C. Clarke, Exeter, to Violet M. Card, Haverhill, land, \$1.

Epping.—Mary Tilton et als. to Mary Hills land, \$90, deeded in 1865. John W. Green, Haverhill, Mass., to Burley F. Hills land deeded in 1896. Elizabeth H. Hills to last grantee, land, \$1. Augustus D. Brown to Alexander B. McLaughlin, land, \$1. Ben jamin J. White et als. to Burley F. Hills, rights in Samuel Hills estate, \$800, deeded in 1881. Lilla D. Dow to last grantee, land, \$250, deeded in 1894.

Exeter.—Executors of will of Abbie A. Hodgdon to George W. Lamprey, land and dwelling on Main street, \$800.

Freemont.—George L. Sanborn, Exeter, to Abraham F. Brown, land, \$400 deeded in 1892.

Hampton.—Henry J. Perkins to Harriet G. Burlingame, Exeter, land, \$1, deeded in 1896.

Nottingham.—Charles E. N. Stackpole, Lee to Harry A. Davis, Newmarket, woodland, \$25, deeded in 1897.

Portsmouth.—Everett N. McNabb to Sarah J. Shannon street and Sherburne avenue, \$1. Alfred L. and Thomas L. Elwyn, Philadelphia, to Leonard O. de Witt, Brooklyn, lands on Lincoln avenue extension, \$1. Michael Quinn to Mary A. Morrisey, land and buildings, corner Mast and Charles streets, \$1. Alice C. Hosmer, Manchester, to Harriet W. Potter, premises at 14 Islington street, \$1; land and buildings on Vaughan street, \$1, deeded in 1899.

Seabrook.—Samuel H. Goodall, Portsmouth, as trustee, to Granite State land company, marsh land, \$1. South Hampton.—Roscoe H. Morrill to Nathaniel W. Currier, Amesbury, stump land, \$40.

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Perfectly safe. Never fails. At any drug store.

NOT SUCCESSFUL.

Attempt To Begin Laying Pacific Cable Fails.

A Chapter Of Accidents Spoils San Francisco's Holiday.

Clarence H. Mackay The Victim Of A Slight Accident.

San Francisco, Dec. 12.—An unsuccessful attempt was made today to lay the shore end of the Pacific cable and as a result, the big steamer Silvertown, with the cable in her hold, is floating idly in the waters of San Francisco bay and aboard her there is keen disappointment.

The strong unfavorable tide was the chief cause of the failure to make a landing and there were a number of minor casualties among the workmen on the shore end, one of the victims being no less a personage than Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable company, who, however, was not seriously hurt.

The day was perfect as to weather conditions and fully 25,000 people gathered at the beach, one half of them being school children.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the life saving crews from the South side and Baker's Beach stations appeared on the scene with their surf boats, ready to lend any assistance that might be needed in communicating between the steamer and the shore.

The crews of these boats and the crews of two boats launched from the steamer carried a large rope from the Silvertown to a point outside the breakers and waited there while another boat from the life saving station went through the surf carrying the end of the rope to land. A boat drawn by horses came into the surf and the members of the crew climbed into their places.

There was a cheer from the crowd as the men met the breakers and the cheer frightened the horses. The horses broke away from the driver and with the boat carriage dragging after them plunged into the crowd. Several children were knocked down in the scramble to get out of the way of the horses, but the animals were caught before any serious injury was done.

While another attempt was being made to draw the cable ashore, a hawser flew up and struck Clarence H. Mackay in the chin, knocking him off his feet. George W. McNear of this city was struck on the back of the head and rendered unconscious and Frank Hotelling of New York was struck in the face, sustaining a severe cut.

Darkness coming on, the Silver town returned to her anchorage. Another trial will be made Monday.

A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

Canadian Athlete Will Rue His Visit To New York.

New York, Dec. 12.—Charles Clinton Gladwin, one of the leading athletes of Canada and the champion snowshoer of the world, left Bellevue hospital today, a cripple for life, as the result of the explosion in Madison Square garden, election night.

CHILDREN PERISHED.

Lost Their Lives In Flames Which Destroyed Their Home.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Howard and Olive Tomkins, colored, four and two years old respectively, were burned to death today in a fire which destroyed a house in Hilldale. The children were alone in the house and the cause of the fire is not known.

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

Robbers Secure \$30,000 From A Bank In New Mexico.

Santa Fe, N. M., Dec. 12.—The bank at Hillboro, Sierra county was held up in broad daylight today and robbed of \$30,000, according to a report received here.

SIX ARE KILLED.

A Fatal Wreck On The Northern Pacific Railroad.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 12.—Six men have been killed in a Northern

Pacific railroad wreck at Fridley, ten miles from here.

IT'S WINTER, ALL RIGHT.

The Weather Bureau at Washington Tells Us All About It.

Washington, Dec. 12.—The western limit of the area covered by snow at eight p. m., on December 8, was from 200 to 250 miles further west than it was on the 1st instant, and the southern limit between the upper Ohio and upper Mississippi valleys was from 100 to 500 miles farther south, with depths ranging from three to ten inches in the central Missouri Valley, where there was no snow on the 1st instant. Much snow has also fallen in New England and over the northern portions of the Middle Atlantic states and upper Ohio Valley, where the depths now generally range from three to twelve inches. The greater part of the lower Michigan peninsula is covered to depths ranging from two to six inches, while more than a foot is reported at Houghton, Mich., on the southern shore of Lake Superior.

From the Missouri Valley eastward to the New England coast there was on the 8th instant decidedly more snow than there was at the corresponding date of 1901, but there was at that date considerable snow over portions of the eastern Rocky Mountain slope that are now bare.

Since the 2d instant, when no ice was reported in the upper Missouri, the Red River of the North, and upper has formed, from two to six inches being reported from stations along the Mississippi from Bismark southward to Omaha. The Red River of the North at Moorhead, Minn., is frozen to a thickness of three inches, and a thickness of three inches is reported in the upper Mississippi at Saint Paul. Ice ranging from one to four inches is also reported from the upper Hudson and in the rivers of New England.

MAY CLOSE DOWN.

Shortage Of Coal Has Seriously Crippled Omaha Packing Houses.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12.—Unless relief can be secured very soon, the packing house managers in South Omaha assert that they will either have to close down their plants or curtail their output for want of coal. They say that it is shortage of cars and not of coal that causes the trouble.

Playgoers have had their mental appetite sharpened by the break in bookings at Music hall and they will probably turn out in a crowd to the next attraction.

The Surest Remedy is Allen's Lung Balsam
It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.
Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c.
Endorsed by all who have tried it.

THE ONLY Dyspepsia CURE

"A Cure for All."
Not a patent cure-all, nor a modern miracle, but simply a rational cure for dyspepsia.

Every druggist in the United States will refund your 25 cents if you are not satisfied.

The E. C. Andrews Co.,
Sole Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

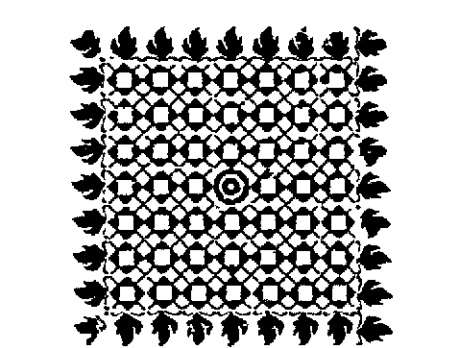
CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turning and grading of lots, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turning and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loans and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richard avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham, successor to S. S. Fletcher, 50 Market street, will receive prompt attention or

M. J. GRIFFIN.

BLU
Cures in 1 to 3 days all kinds of skin eruptions, itching, and all other skin diseases. It is a perfect skin cure, and is not a medicine, but a skin cure. It is sold by all druggists, and by mail for 25 cents per box. Send for a free trial box to Blü, 10, South Street, New York, N. Y.



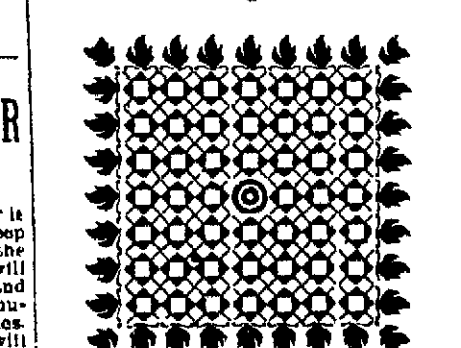
THE HERALD

Has The Finest

JOB PRINTING PLANT

In The City.

Finest Work Reasonable Prices.



W. E. Paul RANGES

PARLOR STOVES

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

7-20-4 10c CIGAR

Londres & Perfecto shapes will be packed in handsome souvenir boxes for the holidays. Place your orders early. For sale by all first class dealers in New England.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works.

Lud has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

H. W. NICKERSON

LICENSED EMBALMER

— AND —

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

50 Daniel Street, Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 6 Summer avenue, or 11 Queen street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at office and residence.

Caddie And Cad

By HARLE OREN CUMMINS

Copyright, 1901, by H. O. Cummins

Bateman smiled to himself as he saw Hinkley striding angrily up and down the course. His companion was not noted for an angelic temper, and the nonappearance of the caddie, whom the keeper had promised to send them by 3 o'clock, evidently irritated him. He particularly wanted to get in a good afternoon's practice at driving, his weak point, for he had an appointment at the links the next morning with Miss Van Trees, and he wished to make the best possible appearance. To use a slang expression, Hinkley "had designs" on the young lady.

The previous winter, when he had been trying to repair a sadly depleted fortune at Monte Carlo, with the usual result, he had met Mrs. Van Trees and daughter, who were passing through Monaco. During their short stay in the little principality he had been a devoted attendant, and when they left a few days later he prided himself that he had made a decided impression.

He had been very busy trying to straighten out his financial difficulties soon after that and had gradually forgotten all about the young lady, till this summer he found she was staying at the same watering place, when he had immediately presented himself.

It is not to be imagined that he was in love with Miss Van Trees, as, in fact, he had just been telling Bateman, who attempted to rally him on his melancholia, attributing it to love sickness. No, indeed, it was no question of sentiment. Personally he considered Marcia Van Trees rather dull and uninteresting. Perhaps the fact that Pater Van Trees owned controlling interest in the Little Annie gold mine in Arizona, which was paying semi-annual dividends of 9 per cent, had something to do with his devotion.

Morally Hinkley was about as fit for a young girl to honor and obey as the snakes in the grass; but, as he was remarkably good looking, dressed in the perfection of taste and was something of a conversationalist, he trusted that with enough time he would easily be able to add one more victim to his long string of conquests.

Just as they were about to start around the links alone a round, freckled faced boy slowly made his appearance over the brow of the hill.

"Where in hades have you been since 8 o'clock?" exclaimed Hinkley, snatching his watch together viciously. "We've been waiting for you nearly an hour."

He of the freckled face smiled slowly and expansively, as if enjoying some joke from which the other two were excluded. He seemed about to make some excuses, then apparently changed his mind.

"Sorry to have kept you gents waiting," he observed at last, choking down



HE LOST HIS TEMPER AND CUDDLED THE LAD SOUNDLY.

his mirth and picking up the golf bags from the grass. He stood at respectful attention.

It was a bad day for Hinkley all around. At the third stroke he broke his driver short off just above the winding, and when he heard the youth behind him chuckling he lost his temper completely and, turning, cuffed the lad soundly.

"You blooming cad," muttered the stickbearer to himself as two great tears forced themselves from his blue eyes and ran down his sunburned cheeks. "I'll cook you for this!"

Hinkley would probably have gone for the lad again had not Bateman interfered.

"Let him alone," he called. "He'll be leaving us if you don't stop monkeying with him."

And, indeed, he was too valuable a caddie to lose. He found every ball that they lost and was always on hand with the right clubs, but he showed a most unbecoming interest in the conversation of Hinkley.

Bateman called the attention of his friend to this fact later in the afternoon and advised him to be more careful what he said before the boy. Hinkley had just finished another emphatic denial of any tender feeling toward Miss Van Trees. "I can only get my hands on a few blocks of the Little Annie stock, it's all I ask."

"Even so, you needn't mount to the rooftops and shout it to all the world. I've seen this little shagger caddying for

that same young lady before you arrived."

When a couple of hours later, tired out and ready to go home, Hinkley offered the caddie some money, strange to say, that youth refused it, merely remarking as he disappeared over the brow of the hill where they had first seen him: "You'd better keep it. You'll need it all yourself when the other scheme falls."

"What do you suppose he meant?" asked Hinkley, unable to understand either the action or answer. "Didn't take your money because you hit him, I suppose," answered Bateman. "And as for his remark, he probably heard the scheme you were publishing broadcast in regard to the young lady. Profit by it and plan internally after this."

That night at the dance given at The Breakwater, Hinkley met Miss Van Trees dressed in such bewitching style that for the first time in his life he actually admired her. Great was his surprise, however, to be treated with the most chilling frigidity. Her card was full, she said, and she even went so far as to cancel the engagement for golf next day.

Completely mystified and in no pleasant frame of mind, Hinkley sought the broad veranda and remained there the rest of the evening with some of the men.

About 10 o'clock as he happened to glance up he saw standing in the hotel doorway Miss Van Trees, while by her side and playfully tickling her neck with a fan was—no; it could not be! He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, as sure as he was a living man, that youth, dressed in a natty tuxedo, with hair plastered smartly down over his forehead, was his freckled, round faced caddie of the afternoon.

Hinkley turned to the nearest man, plucked him by the sleeve, and, pointing toward the two in the doorway, he stuttered, "W-w-h-o—w-h-o—the-d-devil is that kid?"

"Oh, that," replied the man carelessly, looking toward the sunburned lad in the doorway—"that is Miss Van Trees' younger brother Thomas!"

Gem Peddlers of Ceylon.

I was sitting one afternoon on the beautiful wide veranda of the Galle Face hotel, Colombo, in Ceylon.

A light hand touched my shoulder, and a barefooted Cingalese stood before me.

"Would you like to buy some stones?" he asked in his pleasant voice.

These peddlers of gems are very numerous in Ceylon. They are not allowed to enter the hotels, and I once saw one of them actually beaten out of the Oriental in Colombo. Hence it was that before addressing me my Cingalese friend glanced furtively up and down the long veranda to see that he was unobserved by the minions of the hotel.

He took from beneath his blouse a bundle of white cloth, which he opened, displaying about a pint of rubies, caruncles, moonstones and onyxes. As I had nothing to do, I looked through them after explaining to the sable merchant that I had no intention of buying. The collection must have been worth many thousands of dollars, judging by individual specimens, but apart from his merchandise the barefooted vendor, costume and all, might have been assessed at about 5 shillings.—Exchange.

He Had Figured.

"I was after a tract of coal land in Tennessee," said the lawyer, "and I had every reason to believe the owner, who was poor and shiftless, didn't know the value of it. I expected to pay \$15 an acre at the highest and was therefore much surprised when the old fellow said:

"'Stranger, I'm askin' jest \$100 an acre fur my land, and nobody kin have it fur a cent less.'"

"But how do you get any such value?" I asked.

"I git it by figgerin'."

"How do you figger?"

"Easy as grease, suh. I've bin over every foot of it and counted the trees."

"Yes, but the trees are worth very little."

"And I've counted the holes in the ground."

"But the holes are no good."

"Counted the trees, suh, and counted the holes, suh," he went on, "and what thar's trees thar's possums, and what thar's holes thar's woodchucks, and it's \$100 an acre or you kin hunt your own meat."

Rubinstein's Free Seat.

A pianist who was pre-eminently successful in his day was Rubinstein, who traveled nearly the whole world over delighting people with his genius. He was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure, even though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall and thus addressed:

"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to if you think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes, and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply.

"At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.

When J. M. Barrie Lost His Smile. J. M. Barrie once presented the prizes at the Dumfries academy, where he was formerly a pupil. Among other things he said: "I remember one prize I got which had rather disastrous results. It was awarded by the girls of the school for plottings to the boy who had the sweetest smile in the school. The tragic thing was that my smile disappeared that day and has never been seen since."

FROM WINDOW TO WINDOW

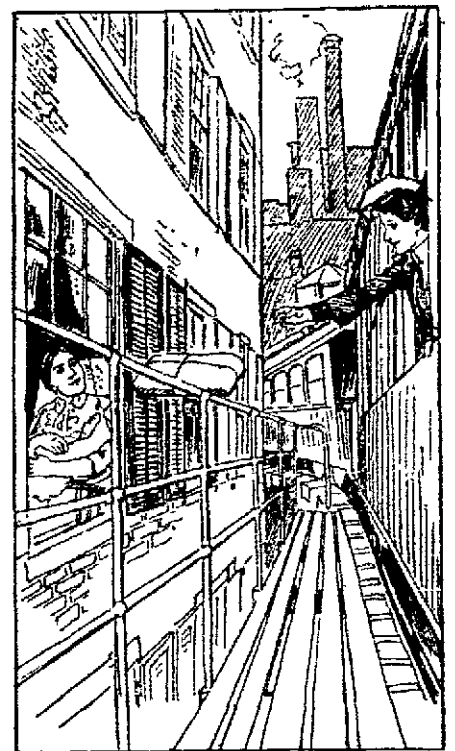
By CICILY ALLEN

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The woman who writes was not obliged to go to the office every day. She went principally because she liked the great, noisy building, with its rush of hurrying feet, the dramatic entrances and exits of newsgatherers and even the hammering of the stereotypers. This was her life, and it helped her to forget.

She lived far up on the heights in a white stone apartment house, whose entrance was gorgeous in upholstery and palms and whose windows overlooked the glistening river. The elevated trains whirled her through the tenement life of the great city, and she always laid down her morning paper when she reached the point where the windows of the dull brick houses almost touched the iron railing of the road.

So it happened that there came a morning when the woman who writes leaned forward in sudden wonder. In one of the dull, dingiest tenements a window shone out like a solitary star in an overcast sky. It had been washed



SHE TOSSED INTO THE WINDOW A BULKY, OBLOUS PACKAGE.

and polished till it gleamed like French plate, and between the prim ruffles of an old fashioned dainty curtain peered a face in whose soft, blue gray eyes hopefulness and homesickness struggled for supremacy.

The train had slowed up for a curve, and she studied the quaint picture hungrily till the cars swept round the bend. The next morning she watched for the clean window, the dainty curtains and the sweet English face and the next morning and the next.

The figure in the window was not always idle. Once the supple hands were polishing tinware, which, to the woman who writes, recalled a faraway farmhouse, where rows of milk pans once gleamed in the sunshine. Following an unaccountable impulse, she nodded cheerily. The blue gray eyes opened wide in friendly surprise, the flush on the fresh English face deepened, and from that day the morning greeting was exchanged regularly.

The summer quivered and shimmered into fall, and fall tossed its smart colors and sparkling hours into the outstreached arms of winter. The winds howled and the storms raged at the tenement window, now closed and stuffed about with bits of rags. The blue gray eyes still smiled their greeting across a row of scarlet geraniums to the woman behind the car window, who, after the train had swept round the curve, would lean back half wearily and weave romances of the life behind the white curtains and crimson blossoms. She could see the English husband coming in from his work. He would be strong and straight and young, of course, very gentle and tender with the girl who had come to him from across the seas. Wherefore the happy love-light in the blue gray eyes if all these things were not so? Then a fragrant supper, smoking hot, would be placed on the table. The tempter would be of brown and yellow stone, like the one at the farm. But the woman who writes never mounted the narrow stairs leading to the tenement room. She had been disillusioned so often.

One morning in early spring she caught her breath as the train slowed up before the window. A friendly hand had bowed the shutters to the glaring sunlight. That afternoon she hurried to a shop where all sorts of dainty baby garments are sold. There had been selected a piece of flannel richly embroidered and a robe of sheer linen, edged with filmy lace, she actually felt angry at the careless fashion in which the clerk tossed the small garments to the wrapper. It seemed almost like a desecration. As she carried her package to the waiting hansom she said to herself:

"It is perfectly absurd, considering their station in life. But how her eyes will shine!"

She could not send her gift, for she knew neither name nor exact address, but she waited and watched. At last one morning the shutters were thrown back, and in a high backed rocking chair, close to the window, sat the little English wife, her blue gray eyes shining proudly above a long roll of white flannel, topped by a very small and very red face.

Then the woman who writes did a remarkable thing. She took deliberate, careful aim and tossed into the tenement window a bulky, oblong package. For more than a week she had carried that package back and forth every day, waiting for this very opportunity, and yet her arms felt strangely empty.

All day long between the woman who writes and her work came the proud mother light in those blue gray eyes. Wherever she turned it haunted her till her pen lost its cunning and her heartstrings thrilled with a vague longing and unrest.

When night came to her brilliantly lighted parlors, where clever men and women gathered to laugh at her witty sayings and to drink the punch she brewed with cunning hand, she was the gayest of them all. Never had she looked more queenly in her clinging gown of scintillating jet; never had the clever words come so easily to her smiling lips. She would forget it all—the narrow, pinching life in the tenement, the red geraniums, the ruffled curtains—yes, even that tantalizing woman's love in the other woman's eyes.

But when they had all gone, the men who admired her and the women who feared her, the memory of the blue gray eyes came back with insistent strength. She turned out the lights, leaving only the dull crimson glow from the tulip-shaped lamp, and under that she sat long and silently, her broad, white forehead resting on her jeweled hand.

When she rose, a pink flush was creeping over the pearl gray heavens. The other woman was doubtless awake, too, intent on her husband's early breakfast. The woman who writes glanced round the room. Here were drooping roses, there three or four empty punch glasses and yonder a small bronze tray piled high with doll white ashes. Then she crossed to her desk and wrote:

My Dear Robert—It has all been a wretched mistake, this thinking that we could get along without each other. I have been a little slow in finding it out, but I am sure. Do not think I have scored a failure and then have turned to you. My work never looked so promising; but, oh, the emptiness of it all! You said once I must come to you. Well, I am coming, dear—coming because I can't stay away any longer. I am writing to mother to send Rob—your Rob and mine. Just think! I've not seen him for six months, and you've not seen him, oh, it must seem like years. I've been selfish, Robert, but I never saw it that way—until today. Cable me just one word—"Come." I will understand. Yours, EMILY.

She addressed the letter with a feverish hand to Paris.

When she threw open the window, she saw a workman in overalls and blouse hurrying toward the city. Perhaps the little Englishwoman was standing in her doorway watching her stalwart husband off to work, with his kisses fresh on her lips and her babe cradled in her arms. And on the lips of the woman who writes trembled a happy smile.

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Some Prices in 1815.

From an old journal that was kept in 1815 by a merchant of Oswego it would appear that it cost the citizens of that city something to live in those days. Anthracite coal was unknown, and for illuminating purposes candles and whale oil were used. Salt in those days was as much a necessity as now, but it cost \$1.25 per bushel, or \$5.38 per barrel. Whisky was worth \$1 a gallon, rum \$2.75 per gallon, tea \$2 a pound, corn \$1 a bushel, tobacco 44 cents a pound, sugar 26 cents per pound, loaf sugar 31 cents a pound, cambrie \$1 a yard, dimity \$1 per yard, molasses \$1.44 per gallon, raisins 50 cents per pound, shifting 38 cents per yard, potatoes 44 cents per bushel, rye and wheat \$1.50 per bushel, red flannel 38 cents per yard, oil \$1 per gallon.

The drinker and the smoker had a good time in those early days, and the family man had it not nearly so good. Now, happily, whisky and tobacco cost more and necessities cost very, very much less. Dress goods and foods can now be used freely by those who, if living in 1815, would have had a calico dress once in several years and had sugar but very seldom. The "old days" were not as good as these.—Retail Grocers' Advocate.

Convict Power.

In one of the convict camps of New Caledonia timber is brought down from the hills to the sea by means of an odd railway. When Mr. George Griffith visited Prony on his tour of prison inspection, he was invited to enter the state car of this railway.

There was no engine, but fifteen blue clad figures, each with a halter and hook rope over his shoulder, came from one of the dormitories. A long chain was shackled to the front of the car. The human beasts of draft passed the halters over their heads and hooked to the chain, seven on each side and one ahead. At first the line was almost level, but when we got into the hills came the collar work, and our human cattle bent their necks and backs.

For very shame's sake we got off and walked whenever there was an excuse, and at last, to our infinite relief, the journey was over. In a distance of a little over four miles those straining, panting men had dragged us up 1,500 feet. It took an hour and three-quarters to do it.

A Branch of Etiquette.

In Holland a woman is a secondary consideration, and a poor consideration at that. No Dutch gentleman when walking on the sidewalk will move out of his way for a lady. The latter turns out invariably, however muddy or dangerous the street. Ladies very rarely make any requests of the lords of creation. An American woman asked a Holland gentleman at a party to bring her a certain book from a table. The bewildered stare with which he favored her convinced her that she had committed a conventional offense. He brought the book, but quietly informed her that a Hollander would never have asked such a favor.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

By James Simpson Scott

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It wasn't Tom Dale's fault that the Vulcan Iron works had failed and thrown 1,500 men out within three months after his marriage. The young wife went home to her parents in the country, and Tom packed up his tools and started for London. A man with a trade and such a character as he had in his pocket must find a shop in London open to him.

"No Admittance." "No Hands Wanted," were the signs which met his eye day after day. At the end of a month he was taking pot luck with the vagabonds of the street. He had pawned everything he could spare except his tools. He realized that if he parted with them his last hope was gone. After a month of bitter trial he found queer thoughts creeping into his mind. The world was against him. He had the skill and muscle to earn his way, but he could not exchange them for life sustaining food. Sitting on a park bench one long night, staring, Tom Dale reached a decision.

The next day was not spent in looking for work, but in inspecting houses and stores with a view to burglary when night fell. By mid-afternoon he had located his house. He had seen a little old woman emerge with an air of proprietorship. The house was old fashioned and solid, and the mistress was doubtless in comfortable circumstances. From 5 o'clock in the afternoon till 11 at night the machinist sat in a park, dozing, waiting.

An old woman and her servants ought to be asleep by 11 o'clock, reasoned Tom Dale, and when the clock had chimed a quarter after the hour he was at work. He was surprised to find how easy it was to reach a shuttered window in the rear, cut out the slats and file off the catch. The sash was locked and bolted, but saw and file soon did the trick, and he was inside.

An electric light from the street enabled Tom to make his way down the second floor hall to a bedroom. The room was tenanted by a single sleeper, and the door had been left slightly ajar. He knew that the sleeper was the old woman. Only old people burn night lights and sigh between their snores. He was creeping toward the light on hands and knees when he heard a slight rustle in the hall. Tom had scarcely concealed himself when the old maidservant entered with a shaded light in one hand and a hatchet in the other. He carefully locked the door. Then he removed the shade from his light, placed it on the stand, and, advancing to the bed, he stood looking down for a minute at the sleeping woman. Then he raised the hatchet to strike. Suddenly it was wrenched from his hand, and he was thrown to the floor.

Not one person in ten thousand would have acted as that old woman did. She awoke with a cry as the men fell



THE HATCHET WAS WRENCHED FROM HIS HAND.

to the floor and struggled, but there was only one cry. She got out of bed, turned up her light and looked at them with more curiosity than amazement. She saw that the door was shut and locked, saw the hatchet, her old servant holding her servant by the throat.

"Can you explain this?" she asked of him as he loosened his hold and stood up.

"I came here to rob you," he replied frankly, "but I had scarcely entered your room when this man came in. He was ready to strike you in your sleep when I grabbed him."

"After fifteen years of service he would have murdered me for the money I brought home this afternoon," sighed the old woman as she looked at the cringing servant. "Thomas, you may go."

Then, motioning Dale to sit down, she flung under her pillow for her snuff-box and took a hearty pinch.

"Young man, you are not a professional burglar, I take it? You don't look as if you would hurt anybody. Perhaps you've made a mistake and got in here by accident."

"I'm a burglar, sure enough," answered Dale, "though this is the first time I ever tried it."

"You have the hands of a mechanic. Are you going to give up honest work

and turn burglar? You may rob a house or two, but the police will be sure to catch you. Stand more in the light. I want to get a better view of your face. Humpf! Sit down and tell me what's the matter with you."

Then Dale told his story from beginning to end, and there was a ring in his voice and a light in his eyes which stamped it as true.

"Yes, I knew it was hard times," she replied when he had finished, "but I had no idea that honest men might be driven to such stress. Yesterday I gave £50 to the heathen fund, while you and hundreds of other Englishmen at home were walking the streets in hunger. I happen to be a stockholder in the Vulcan works. You see, it hits me as well as you."

"But you are not wanting for bread," replied Dale. "You have a house, a home, a bed to sleep in and three meals a day. Before God, if I'd had three-pence in my pocket this night I would not have come in here as I have."

"Young man, what will a hundred pounds do for you?"

"A hundred pounds?" gasped Dale. "God! Think of it! It would mean—it would take me to my wife; it would give me heart and ambition and faith. But you can't mean it. I am a burglar. I ought to be sent to prison."

"Just hand me that box on the cabinet," quietly remarked the old woman. "This is a matter we might as well close up at once and get you on the straight road again. Five twenties make a hundred, and there you are. We'll say fifty because you are an honest workman out of luck and the other fifty for being on hand to interfere with Thomas. Really, but I must give him a good talking to if he would stay on with me. He has robbed me several times, but I never thought he'd plan murder. And now, young man—"

"But I can't take the money—I can't do it!" interrupted the penitent burglar as the tears ran down his cheeks. "Think of it! I am here to rob you! I won't touch a penny of your money!"

"Pooh! Pooh! Don't make a scene. Put that money in your pocket and let this be a secret between us. It is late, and I am sleepy. Can you get out where you came in?"

"I can, but—"

"Then do so. Here, have a pinch of snuff with me, and would you mind turning that light down a little? That's it. Of course you'll take the morning train for home. Good night and good-by, and my best regards to your wife."

The Case Was Dismissed.

While I was loafing around a small town in Nebraska I dropped into the courthouse to hear the case of a man who was to be tried for horse stealing. He had been in jail for three months, and it was said that the state had a sure case against him. After disposing of several other cases the judge called that of the horse thief and inquired of a constable:

"Have you got Joe White here as a witness?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Joe White stole a cow and ran away."

"Have you got Jim Watkins?"

"No, sir. Jim was drowned a month ago in the big flood."

"How about Moses Benson?"

"Moses has gone to Dakota."

"And John Shevlin?"

"He's run away to Iowa."

"Any more witnesses against the defendant?"

"No, sir."

"Then we'll try him without any. Perhaps he'll plead guilty. Bring him in."

"But I can't, sir."

"For why?"

"Because he broke jail last night and is fifty miles away by this time."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'll dismiss the case and take up that of Tom Langley for stealing a calf. I know we can convict him anyhow, for he stole the calf from me!"

The Makeup of a Consul.

A consul is, in a certain sense, the representative of his country. To the people among whom he is stationed and to the local authorities he is the impersonation of his government. He should be a man of dignity, of self-possession, of good address and bearing, of tact and discretion, who should command the respect and confidence of foreign merchants and officials and who should be honored even by his traveling countrymen.

When Prince Gortchakoff was at the head of the Russian foreign office, the candidates for the diplomatic service after passing the examination were always granted an audience with his excellency, who then made a final decision by observing the manner in which they entered the room, the way in which they addressed him and their general deportment during the interview.

A consul may know all about invoices and ships and also about seals and sealing wax, but if he be rude and undignified, if he lack savoir faire and savoir vivre, he could serve his country to better advantage in that obscure region known as "the classic shades of private life."—Forum.

A Dardanian Legend of a Bear.

Two women, a mother and her little daughter, were one night watching their field of Indian corn—"makat"—against the inroads of the bears. The mother had to go to her house to prepare to light a fire outside. While she was doing this a bear came and took her away. He carried her to his den and daily brought her to eat and drink. He rolled a big stone in front of his den whenever he went away on his tours, which the girl was not strong enough to move.

When she became old enough to do this, he used daily to lick her feet, by which they became swollen and gradually dwindled down to mere misshapen stumps. The girl eventually died, and the poor bear, after vain efforts to restore her to life, roamed disconsolately about the fields.

Interpreted.

Rastus—Yessah, Ah dreamed dat de coop doah stewed open an' de pullets done walk right in mah han's. But dey say dat dreams goss contrary dough.

Unc' Mose—M-hm! Reckon dat means yo'll hev to open dat coop doah for yo'self, mah.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AFTER MANY DAYS

Miss Alvira Garlinghorn, fair, fat and forty or more, acknowledged the introduction with a smile.

"Your face, Mr. Van Osdoll," she said, "is strangely familiar to me. Have we not met before?"

"Yes," replied the well preserved bachelor. "But it was a long time ago—that is to say, comparatively a long time ago. When you were a little girl, you went to school to a man of the name of Negly, didn't you?"

"To be sure I did. In the old building they called the 'academy' in the little town of Blankville

Doings Of the Jockeys

What Danny Maher Says About English Racing * Cases of Johnny Reiff and Milton Henry * The French Turf.

There is "lots doing" among the jockeys these days. At home and abroad happenings of moment have been taking place, and gossip is rife wherever the game little horse pilots and their followers congregate.

The arrival in America of Danny Maher caused a sensation of no small dimensions, and the Irish-American rider who straddled King Edward of England's horses during the summer has had many interesting things to tell about transatlantic turf affairs.

Among other things, Danny says: "I have been more or less restricted by physical condition in securing mounts, which, I believe, would have increased my average, but I am quite satisfied with 100 wins out of 400 mounts. I must say I cannot always sympathize with the complaints some of my fellow American jockeys have made against English turf methods. As far as I am concerned, I have always found English racing men to be true sportsmen, and if I have had any trouble at all it has been with American quite as often as with English jockeys."

The suspension of the riding licenses of Jockeys Johnnie Reiff and Milton Henry by the French officials caused considerable comment on both sides of the water, and great interest was manifested in their suit for reinstatement which was placed in the hands of Parisian attorneys.

Johnnie Reiff has sailed for home. The boy was anxious to leave France and would have done so sooner but for his case against the French Jockey club.

Little Reiff in a letter to a friend in this city says that his and Henry's rule

French does not want the boys in that country, it is no reason why the boys should be barred from earning a livelihood as jockeys in this country or in England. The most of the damage to American reputations has been inflicted by that band of parasites which are known as "touts." These unprincipled scoundrels find plenty of victims in this country. They do much to bring racing to a disrepute and it is only by exercising the utmost vigilance that these creatures are kept from the American tracks. In fact, none of the tracks is wholly free from them, despite the utmost vigilance. In this country they confine their operations to those people who visit the tracks but seldom and give the owners of horses and the managers of race tracks a wide berth. But it seems in France that the "touts" have been successful in impressing some of those high in authority with the idea that they are capable of obtaining inside racing information. It is the same old game, but across the water, it seems, they



JOHNNIE REIFF, WHO WAS SUSPENDED FROM FRENCH TRACKS.

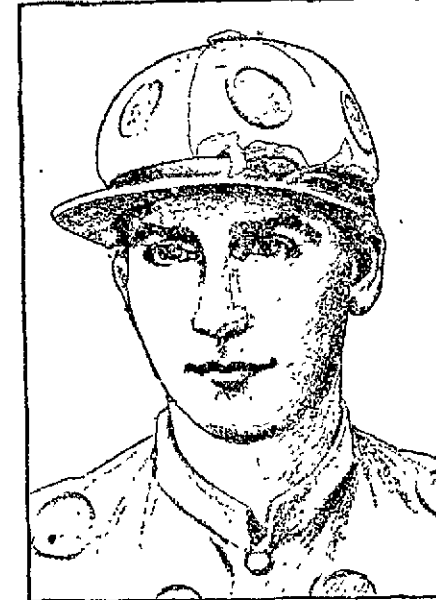
have played higher and more brazenly than in this country and have succeeded in duping people that in the same positions here would have ordered them from the grounds of all reputable racing associations.

Arthur Redfern, the little jockey who has been riding for Colonel J. E. Pepper and who will ride for William C. Whitney next season, was secured for the immense sum of \$20,000, which, by the way, is the biggest amount ever paid for a jockey's services in the history of the turf. Twenty thousand dollars of this was paid to Colonel Pepper for the boy's release, and the remainder of the sum is to be given Redfern for first call on his services.

Sydney Paget, who is to have a stable of his own next year and who will also manage the stable of J. B. Haggin, will probably secure second and third call on the youngster's services, and the amount Redfern will receive for that, together with what he will earn by taking outside mounts, is expected to boost his season's earnings to \$40,000 or more.

Redfern is not yet seventeen years old. He made his debut on the big tracks of the metropolitan circuit last year, coming from Canada, where he had been riding for F. S. Nelson & Co. The boy was not heralded as a wonder, but just took the mounts given him and from the outset established himself as the coming lightweight jockey of the country. By experts of the sport today he is regarded as the best boy that ever strode a horse, and the sum Mr. Whitney paid for him is not considered as exorbitant.

Redfern is one of the best judges of pace in the racing world, has a fine



MILTON HENRY, WHO WAS "SET DOWN" WITH REIFF.

pair of hands and without unnecessary punishment of any horse can finish as strongly as any heavier boy. He can ride at ninety pounds.

Slosson Going Abroad.

George Slosson has made his first cash deposit and signed a contract to be a contestant in the International billiard tournament to be held in Paris in about a month. Maurice Daly may also send in his entry.

Slosson will sail for the other side in a short time. He says that never in the history of billiards has a tournament been held that included so many leading players as the coming one will have. This is due to the decision of the courts, which allowed all the academics in Paris to remain open, thus producing a lively competition that resulted in the engagement of nearly all of the best players in this country.

Palmer Reviving.

English sportsmen declare that Pedlar Palmer is getting back into form again. He has just won another battle, conquering Jem Williams in a fifteen round bout. The way Palmer went at his opponent surprised even his friends, who did not know that he could be so aggressive.

DOOLEY'S ROMANCE.

HOW THE SAGE OF ARCHY ROAD WAS TRAPPED BY CUPID.

Not the Real Mr. Dooley, You Know, but Peter Finley Dunne, Who Created Him—Will Wed a Chicago Beauty.

"Sly Mr. Dooley" is the way the friends of Peter F. Dunne, otherwise known as Mr. Dooley, refer to him since it became known that he is soon to be married to Miss Margaret Abbott, a famous Chicago beauty.

Mr. Dooley, who for several years has tickled the reading public with his droll humor, has been regarded by his friends as a confirmed bachelor. This idea doubtless had its inception in the humorist's own words. He has on several occasions, in his inimitable way, expressed an opinion on the perils of matrimony. Writing on "Polygamy," he said:

"If a man's done anything in his youth that he has to do pinnance for 'th' stations in 'th' cross ain't strong enough, have him, says I, marry as many women as he wants, but anny time ye hear iv me bein' drawin' in 'th' quite miseries iv single life ye may know they have caught me asleep an' chloroformed me."

Again, in describing the financial needs of the matrimonial state, Mr. Dooley said:

"If a man can't show down a bank account that wud mak Andrew Carnegie feel like goin' back to wurruk,



PETER FINLEY DUNNE (MR. DOOLEY). He might as well make up his mind to remain a gay bachelor. A married man can always find wurruk to do. He's got to."

The engagement was a great secret until one of Mr. Dooley's friends discovered that he had hired a house in Fifth avenue, New York. Then the story came out. It turns out to be a real romance. Miss Margaret Abbott, the bride elect, was Mr. Dooley's boyhood sweetheart. She is living in New York with her mother now, but the beginning of the romance was when she was a young girl in Chicago. Since that time she has become a clever and successful artist and Mr. Dooley has become a famous writer.

Miss Abbott is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Abbott, a widow, and she made her home for several years in Paris. There she was well known in literary and artistic circles, and a few months ago Miss Abbott won a prize in the woman's handicap game at the international golf match there.

Miss Abbott is tall and graceful. Her complexion is brilliant and her hair ash blond. Her picture appeared not long ago in a magazine as a type of "an American beauty."

Mr. Peter Finley Dunne before he achieved fame by his writings about the philosopher of Archy road was a reporter on various Chicago newspapers. He won special success in re-



MISS MARGARET ABBOTT.

porting baseball games, which he wrote in droll style. Later he became an editorial writer and for a time was in editorial charge of the Chicago Evening Journal.

Mr. Dunne's "Dooley" letters began with local topics as themes and were prompted by the amusing but wise sayings of a lovable old Irishman, the late James McGarry, who kept a buffet in Dearborn street. Hennessy, a bartender, was the foil for McGarry's wit.

From local subjects Mr. Dunne branched into those of a national and international character, and soon his reputation had grown wide. It reached the English reading public in all parts of the world. The letters have been published in book form. For several years Mr. Dunne has lived in New York.

Temporary Bass Voice.

"He's a regular sissy, isn't he?"

"Yes, I never heard him talk like a man but once."

"When was that?"

"Once when he had a bad cold."—Philadelphia Press.

NOTED FOR HER BEAUTY.

Msle. Desplanques, Who is Soon to Wed a Russian Diplomat.

New York society is much disgruntled because of the change in the arrangements for the marriage of Msle. Irene Desplanques of Paris to the Russian minister to Korea, Mr. Alexander Pravlow. As originally announced the ceremony was to take place in the new



Msle. IRENE DESPLANQUES.

Greek church in New York city. The wedding, however, will take place at the Russian embassy at Washington on Jan. 22.

Msle. Desplanques, who came to this country as the guest of the Countess di Cassini, the niece of the Russian ambassador, created a stir because of her beauty and her social position. Her father is the Russian Chinese banker in Japan. She has a fine figure and a profusion of dark hair. Her color is brilliant and her appearance is unusually striking.

CONSUL TO GUATEMALA.

Why Dr. Godfrey Hunter's Successor Has Hastened His Departure.

Interest in the recent killing of W. A. Fitzgerald in Guatemala by Godfrey Hunter, Jr., son of the former American consul at that point, has been revived by the appointment of Leslie



LESLIE COMBS.

Combs of Lexington, Ky., as the successor of the senior Hunter in the office of consul.

Mr. Combs is a son of General Leslie Combs, who attained considerable fame in the Mexican war. He has been pension agent of Kentucky.

Mr. Combs is the proprietor of one of the largest tobacco raising farms in the world.

WORLD'S RICHEST WOMAN.

Miss Bertha Krupp, Who Owns the Great German Gun Factory.

Fraulein Bertha Krupp, eldest daughter of the dead gunmaker of Essen, Germany, has become, by the terms of her father's will, undoubtedly the richest woman in the world in her own right. The late Herr Krupp's will provides that the gun factory shall become the property of Bertha when she attains her majority.

Bankers have estimated the value of the Essen and associated manufacturing works, with subsidiary properties, at \$75,000,000. These were under the sole control of Herr Krupp, though administered by a board of directors, and



MISS BERTHA KRUPP.

It is understood that under a stipulation of the will the works are not to be turned into a joint stock company until the expiration of twenty-five years, if then.

TO LIVE AMONG THE POOR.

Rich Mr. Stokes, Who Will Devote His Life to Social Reform.

J. Graham Phelps Stokes, the wealthy young New Yorker who recently surprised his fashionable friends by moving to the lower east side of the city to take up the work of bettering the conditions of the poor, is a son of Anson Phelps Stokes, the millionaire.

Mr. Stokes has been interested in University Settlement work for several years and has been a member of the council of the University Settlement, but only recently took up his permanent abode in the Settlement house with the intention of devoting his life to the work.

J. G. Phelps Stokes, although under thirty years of age, has had a business training. He was president of the Nevada Central railroad and of the Nevada company and the Woodbridge company, all of which have offices in New York. He is a member of several of New York's most exclusive clubs.

Mr. Stokes is unmarried and has always lived at his father's house until now. Last summer he abandoned any intention of spending the heated term vacationing or idling on seashore or mountain and lived at the Settlement house, studying social questions. Previous to that he had gone through the full course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating in the class



J. GRAHAM PHELPS STOKES.

of '90, and, although he has not practiced medicine, he is qualified to do so, and in this respect possesses a technical education rarely to be found among Settlement workers.

His brother, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., is secretary of Yale university. He has two other brothers and four sisters, and his father is reputed to be several times a millionaire. The Dodge and Phelps families, with whom he is connected, have been prominent in the social and commercial life of New York for generations.

CLEANED CITY OF BANGKOK

American Engineer Who Is the Sanitary Head of Siam.

King Chulalongkorn I. of Siam, who has just definitely announced that he will visit the United States next summer, has been influenced to take the trip by a young American who for a year has resided at Bangkok.

This young American is Edwin P. Osgood, engineer in chief of the sanitary department for his royal highness. How he came to get the job is interesting. About a year and a half ago the Siamese minister at Washington received an official note from Chulalongkorn asking for an American sanitary engineer to put his capital, Bangkok, in sanitary condition.

With the aid of John D. Long, then secretary of the navy, Mr. Osgood was secured, and so pleased has been the



EDWIN P. OSGOOD.

king with his work that his curiosity was stirred to see a country that can produce such bright young men.

Mr. Osgood has been in Bangkok about a year, and during that time he and his wife have been the recipient of numerous courtesies at the hands of the royal family.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Osgood is his own boss, for he practically decides on the work to be done. His suggestions in all matters are invariably adopted. Bangkok is a city of a million inhabitants, and the work which the American engineer had before him can be imagined.

Mr. Osgood is but twenty-six years of age, quite young to be the sanitary head of a nation of 10,000,000 people and with a territory as big as Texas. He is a member of the famous Osgood family. His father, Colonel H. B. Osgood, was a civil war veteran and was chief of commissary at Santiago. One of his brothers, W. D. Osgood, was killed in Cuba, and another brother, Henry, is connected with the health department of Manila.

TOLD OF AUTHORS.

Why Barrie Is Not Popular in Thrums—Mary of the Lamb.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Dec. 9.—James M. Barrie is persona non grata in Thrums, or Girmuir, which you must pronounce Kirmuir if you do not wish to be regarded askance by the Thrums "fowl." Barrie drew from life and must share the opprobrium that attaches to prosaic things—in the minds of the prosaic people pictured.

"Do I ken Jems Barrie?" said the old janitor of the town hall. "Oh, aye, I ken 'im as I kent his father an' mither afore 'im."

"Have you read his books?"

"Oh, aye."

There was a reservation in the tone which piqued the visitor's curiosity.

"Don't you like them?"

"I'm nae thinkin' muckle aboot them. Hey! I know mony a story that my gran'mither told me that'd be better than any o' Jems Barrie's."

Girmuir is a weaving town. That is how Barrie happened to call it Thrums. The thrums are the ends of



"HAVE YOU READ HIS BOOKS?"

the threads which remain in the loom after the finished web is cut out. They go only to the ragbag, and that seems to be at the bottom of the village grievance against Barrie. The pride of the natives seems touched because, as they insist, they have been represented as thrums—a thing useless and worthless.

No amount of argument can make them see it in any other light; hence Barrie's unpopularity in his own town. Perhaps Mr. Barrie doesn't care; perhaps he does. The author of "Sentimental Tommy" is quite a philosopher. He can be delightfully whimsical at times, too—almost as whimsical as in his latest story, "The Little White Bird."

It is told of Mr. Barrie that on meeting a famous fellow author for the first time he responded to the other's compliments by saying:

"It's all very well to be able to write books, but can you waggle your ears?"

The ability to do so is one of Mr. Barrie's many accomplishments. When the late Henry Drummond was lecturing to a class of students on natural science, he mentioned that the power of moving the scalp and ears was one of the few characteristics of our simian ancestors occurring occasionally in men, and immediately several of the students gave practical demonstration of it, much to Drummond's delight.

The popularity of the very commonplace nursery jingle, "Mary had a little lamb," is one of the mysteries of American literature. Nevertheless, it is popular. Therefore there are many people, no doubt, who will welcome a book purporting to give the true story of the real Mary and the real lamb as told by Mary herself and by the latter's friend and biographer, Fannie M. Dickerson.

Mary, it appears, was one Mary Sawyer, who subsequently became Mrs. Colunabus Tyler and died in Boston at the age of eighty-three on Dec. 11, 1880. The incident celebrated in the jingle occurred in the schoolhouse at Sterling, Mass. It was seized upon and versified by a "bright young man" named John Roulstone, who happened to be visiting the school at the time. He, however, wrote only the first three stanzas. "In 1829 in a book of poems published by Mrs. Sarah Joseph three stanzas were added to these;" hence the poem in its entirety as it is known to young and old even to this day.

Miss Dickerson has made one odd mistake. For Mrs. Sarah Joseph read Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a famous American bluestocking and philanthropist of the first half of the nineteenth century.

The Cat Journal has doubtless many subscribers, for the circle of "puss" adovors has widened vastly and now includes many more besides the lonely spinster.

The front page of the Journal is adorned by a portrait of a splendid Angora, Red Hambley. Black Beauty is another superb creature, and the white Angora kittens Zola and Zenda are a pair of feline cherubs. Another bewitching pair are Tautin and Boauy.

Articles relating to the care of cats are also to be found in this periodical, and altogether it is calculated to prove valuable to those who are interested in pussy either for pleasure or profit.

The editor of an English "ladies' page" says that in a competition to ascertain his readers' favorite author one of those who voted for Miss Gertrude and averred that she loved her best, wrote of her as "Mary Gorrila." Such is fame.

RICHARD TUPPER.

**PORTSMOUTH'S
SECRET AND SOCIAL
SOCIETIES.**

**WHEN AND WHERE THEY
MEET.**

**A Guide for Visitors and
Members.**

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, N. G. D.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St.
Second and Fourth Wednesdays of
each month.

Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief;
Charles C. Charleson, Noble Chief; Fred
Hesler, Vice Chief; William Hampshire,
High Priest; Frank H. Meloon, Venerable
Hermit; George P. Knight, Sir Her-
ald; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred
Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hanscom, C.
of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First
and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Comman-
der; John Hooper, Vice Comman-
der; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Coun-
cillor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Coun-
cillor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary;
Frank Langley, Financial Secretary;
Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester
E. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kim-
ball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, In-
side Protector; George Kay, Outside
Protector; Trustees, Harry Hersum,
Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE REVERE HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,

HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEAD-
ING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS
BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVAT-
ED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co.

ALSO PROPRIETORS

**BOSTON
TAVERN**

FIREPROOF.

Rooms from \$1.00 Up

**Old
India
Pale
Ale**

Homstead Ale

AND

Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed
and bottled by

**THE
FRANK JONES
Brewing Co.**

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask you Dealer or Agent.

BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

**The Best Spring Tonic
on the Market.**

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
DECEMBER 13.

SUN RISES..... 7:40. MOON SETS..... 11:30 A. M.
SUN SETS..... 4:25. FULL MOON..... 19:15 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY..... 10:07. LENGTH OF NIGHT..... 14:53 P. M.

Full Moon, Dec. 14th, 10h. 47m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, Dec. 21st, 5h. 0m., evening, W.
New Moon, Dec. 28th, 4h. 25m., evening, W.
First Quarter, Jan. 5th, 4h. 56m., evening, E.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Forecast for New England: Fair in north, increasing cloudiness in south portions Saturday, followed by snow; continued cold; fresh to brisk northeast winds; Sunday snow.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2:30 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.



SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1902.

CITY BRIEFS.

The cold clings. Another storm is on us. Oil heaters are quite popular. The grasp of winter still clutches. One more Sunday before Christmas.

Get your advertisement into the Herald.

There has been one full week of sleighing.

Minor accidents have been numerous of late.

It has been very quiet with the police this week.

Friday evening was an ideal one for sleighrides.

The empty coal hod makes the whole world kin.

The last opportunity of the deer hunters is at hand.

First it was baseball, then football, now it is snowball.

That predicted thaw appears to have been postponed.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

"Cheer up," say the coal dealers, "the worst is yet to come."

The W. C. T. U. met at 6 Columbia street on Friday afternoon.

There is some talk of organizing a hockey team at the High school.

The moon will be seen at its full Sunday night, if the weather is fair.

Strawberries are in the Boston market at seventy-five cents a box.

It looks as if Santa Claus may find some cold chimneys on his tour this year.

The arrival at this port of a cargo of hard coal is a notable event nowadays.

When the Harvest Days Are Over comes next Wednesday night to Music hall.

A meeting of Typographical union, No. 483, will be held this evening in Peirce hall.

About all the crack pool players in the Warner club are entered in the tournament.

A few trunks to be closed out at cost, W. F. and C. E. Woods, 18 Congress street.

With the milder weather and the fine sleighing the Christmas trade should now have a great boom.

It pays to buy kerosene in quantities of three or more gallons. One can save two cents a gallon by doing so.

The dry goods stores of the city will begin next Monday to keep open every week-day evening up to Christmas.

Those who are planning on polar expeditions are wise not to come to New England for recruits at this time.

The charcoal dealers report their business rushing. They are unable to burn it fast enough to supply the demand.

Good sleighing up in northern New Hampshire is making business good at the hotels that keep open the year round.

A hearing is to be held in this city today in the bankruptcy case of Edward H. Balch of Exeter, formerly of Rye.

The weather, last evening, remained with stationary temperature in the 20's and more snow or rain threatening.

Two hundred miles of electric road will be constructed in Maine next year, making a total for the state of five hundred miles.

No Reasonable Man expects to cure a neglected cold in one day. But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be as sound as a new dollar.

HOUSEHOLDERS WORRY.

Coal Famine And Cold Weather Are Raising Cain.

Many Water Pipes Are Bursting About The City.

Nothing Much For Fuel Except Soft Coal And Edgings.

Nothing but soft coal and edgings in the shape of fuel. That's what the ordinary mortal whose coal bins and wood shed are empty must content himself with or else go without fire, and that isn't an agreeable process at this time of the year.

There is some anthracite coal in the city, for a number of loads are being moved about the streets. Whether this is going in half ton lots or regular customers who had placed their orders as far back as last April, nobody seems to know, but various eyes are cast at each load as it passes along.

And now the plumber is beginning to look prosperous. The bursting of water pipes is always something of a problem to the householders during the winter months, but this winter it assumes almost tragic proportions. Without fire, water pipes will freeze and without fuel there can be no fire, and that is the cold, matter of fact situation which is staring us in the face.

For the past three or four nights out of damage has been wrought throughout the city; in fact, all through this cold snap bursting water pipes have been of daily occurrence and much damage is being done.

Thursday night, the hot water pipe in a sleeping room of an untown house burst and the water ran until morning before it was discovered. An elegantly furnished parlor was practically ruined. The expensive wall paper was left hanging in shreds, the furniture was soaked, the carpet spoiled and the piano was practically ruined. The top had been left open during the night in order that the keys might not become chilled too badly. When the pipe overhead burst, the piano happened to be almost directly under where the largest volume of water fell. Even the family dog cat was chilled so badly that it took all sorts of warm wraps and hot drinks to bring it around to its normal condition.

It is noticeable that in many of the offices about town usually heated by small coal stoves some other methods are now being employed. In many of these offices it is a familiar sight to see employer and employees sitting around with their overcoats on and never in some corner a gas stove will be doing its best to fill the place usually occupied by the coal stove.

One man who has a small office manages to keep quite comfortable by burning two large kerosene lamps.

People who attempt to hire rooms now are told that the apartments will be ten dollars a month until the first of April. So it appears that none of us can escape paying either directly or indirectly for the coal strike.

TO BEGIN AT ONCE.

Portsmouth Savings Bank Building to Be Remodeled.

By a recent decision of the supreme court, the Portsmouth Savings bank, on the case against the First National bank, which was brought by the latter to prevent the Savings bank from remodeling its present building.

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This is what Ayer's Hair Vigor does: Restores color to gray hair, makes the hair grow, stops falling, cures dandruff. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Half of the building is owned by the Savings bank, while the other half belongs to the First National bank. And the suit to prevent the remodeling was brought on the ground that it would damage the National bank's property.

Now that the decision has been given in favor of the Savings bank, the directors will start the work at once, the plans having been made some time ago, and the building will be improved.

THEY BANQUETED.

Scottish Rite Masons Enjoy A Remarkably Fine Spread.

The meeting of the Scottish Rite masons of this city in Masonic hall on Friday evening, was followed by one of the most elaborate cold banquets ever prepared for the members of a local secret society.

The tables, which were set in triangular form, were loaded down with delicacies and the banqueters did full justice to the tempting menu. The spirit of fraternal goodfellowship which prevailed made the occasion an especially enjoyable one and added to the appetizing qualities of the many good things.

Cottrell and Walsh were the caterers and the bill of fare was as follows:

- E. scalloped Oysters
- Celery Queen Olives Pickles
- Fried Smelts, Tartar Sauce
- Chicken Croquettes, Green Peas
- Cold Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
- Cold Boiled Ham, English Mustard
- Salad Rolls
- Harlequin Ice Cream
- Frozen Pudding
- Fancy Cake Assorted Fruit
- Rocquetfort, Edam and American Cheese
- Toasted Crackers
- Coffee

NONE IN THE COUNTY.

Portsmouth Veterinary Thinks This Section is Free From Hoof and Mouth Disease.

Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., has been to Hudson, to make inspection of the reported cases of hoof and mouth disease. He states that it "was a case, all right," and one of the worst kind, four of the cattle in the herd being affected. The town has been quarantined and the cattle will be killed soon.

On his way back the veterinary examined several herds, but failed to find any signs of the disease. He thinks that Rockingham county is at present free from the disease. The quarantine on the Portsmouth and Kittery bridge is still in force, and a strict watch is being kept.

THE GENTLEMEN ENTERTAINED.

The Missionary society of the Court street Christian church held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday afternoon and evening, and was entertained by the gentlemen of the society with an excellent clam chowder.

TRIAL PUT OFF.

Owing to the thick weather off Cape Ann, as well as a heavy northerly wind, the trial of the monitor Nevada, which was to have taken place on Friday, over the Cape Ann course, was postponed until today. It is very likely that the storm has caused another postponement.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Perry Moore of Kittery, fireman at the lighting plant, is on a short furlough.

Bert Weeks of Greenland, machinist in steam engineering, is enjoying a short furlough.

It is expected that some of the departments will do Sunday work on the U. S. S. Raleigh.

Several laborers are expected to be called for duty in construction and repair on the Reina Mercedes.

Walter Bowman, electrical machinist in the yards and docks, is on a leave of absence owing to sickness in his family.

The compressed air engine was unloaded from the cars on Thursday and put on wooden skids, which were hauled as a sled by six horses to Henderson's Point.

Henry Pierce has returned to his duties in steam engineering, after a few weeks absence, which he was obliged to take on account of an accident to one of his fingers.

The Buckeye Engine company of Salem, Ohio, are working on two vertical engines that will be used in the pumping station of the new stone electric light building of yards and docks.

The coaling of the U. S. S. Raleigh is to be done Monday by the equipment forces. The ship will be docked alongside the dock where the coal is now stored. It is also expected that stores will be put aboard on that day.

The workmen who are taken to the yard in the steamer Queen City were carried by the Columbia on Friday morning, the Queen City having met with an accident on her first trip to the yard by losing her rudder. She was repaired during the day and made the evening trip.

Work about the stone dry dock has practically been suspended for the remainder of the winter. The steam drills have been housed, the stone crusher is stopped, the engine houses are closed and nothing seems to be moving except the pumps at the coffer dam, which have to keep the basin clear of water. Nothing will probably be worked outside the stone crusher.

The official testing of the boilers, pumps, different engines, piping, heating system, etc., on the U. S. S. Raleigh, has been going on for the last week under the supervision of Chief Engineer Ransom and Quartermaster Fred T. Hayes and everything coming under the department of steam engineering was found to work without a hitch. This speaks well for the yard and this department, as the Raleigh is the largest ship of the kind ever fitted out at this yard. No other naval station can surpass the work done on this cruiser by any of the departments.

SURVEYING AT YORK AND KITTERY.

A party of engineers under the supervision of William C. Ogden of Dover engaged in elaborate surveys for the Agamemnon Water company, in York and Kittery for the purpose of ascertaining elevations and distances completed this portion of their work this week, and will now survey the boundaries of the Folly Pond watershed. The work is being done by Civil Engineers Stephen Pearson and Edwin R. Davis. The former is related by marriage to the Cheneys who pass their summers at York Harbor.

TO MEET IN EXETER.

Rockingham district lodge I. O. G. T., of this city will meet in Exeter next Monday afternoon and evening with John J. Bell lodge. At 8 p. m. there will be a public debate on "Resolved, That a license local option law would be more beneficial to New Hampshire than the present law." The Exeter lodge will maintain the affirmative and Rockingham lodge the negative.

BLOOD POISONING FEARED.

Wentworth Dame, a mechanic employed at the navy yard, is quite ill at his home in South Eliot as the result of an accident which befell him two or three days ago.

A chisel being used by a fellow workman accidentally fell upon Mr. Dame's hand, inflicting a severe wound and his attending physicians fear blood poisoning.

Every family should have its household medicine chest—and the first bottle in it should be Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Nature's remedy for coughs and colds.

YESTERDAY'S HERALD.

(Amount of ret. matter.)
Local (without cuts).....5 1-4 cts.
"Random Gossip" (regular daily feature).....1 1-2"
Telegraphic (not plate, but fresh).....4 1-4"
Miscellany (editorials, theatrical, suburban, etc.).....9 1-2"

If anything were needed to show that the Herald is the only afternoon paper in Portsmouth that prints all the news worth printing every day, besides presenting exclusive special features and running in "scoops" so frequently that they are considered almost ordinary occurrences in this office, then a careful study of the above summary ought to convince any person of sense who is able to reach and understand.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

Motormen find great difficulty in stopping their cars this kind of weather, on account of the slippery condition of the rails. In many instances passengers are obliged to alight from the car half way between the regular stops.

"The situation is the most serious since I have been in the coal trade."

These words were spoken Friday afternoon by a Manchester dealer who was in Portsmouth the day before, and later in Boston. He placed orders, but got no promise regarding delivery.

"In Portsmouth," he said, "one dealer was selling anthracite and Cumberland alike, to regular customers only, at ten dollars a ton, and in quarter ton lots, at that."—Manchester Union.

President Baer has agreed to furnish coal for the United States senate, but this does not help out the people at large to much extent. To drop into a Mother Goose rhyme: Baer, Baer, coal man, Have you anthracite?

Yes sir, yes sir, Just a little mite.

Some for the congressmen, Some for the rich, But none for the workingman, Laborers and "sich."

Even the most enthusiastic lover of the New England winter will object to having it come in such large bunches as has been the case this last week.

Coming out of the opera house the other night, the following dialogue was overheard:

"And did you like the play?"

"It was great! There's only one thing I wanted changed."

"And what was that, my pet?"

"Why, I do think it's horrid to have them ring the curtain down and turn all the lights up before you get your eyes dry and the powder on your nose. If they'd only keep the theatre dark after these sloppy sort of plays it would be so much more becoming."

Here is a pointer for the manager, which doubtless others have felt, if they have not expressed.—Manchester paper.

Our prosperous and up-to-date contemporary, the Portland Evening Express, one of the brightest of exchanges that come to our desk, kept open house two evenings this week, and invited its friends to come in and see how a modern newspaper is made. All the machinery was moving and the editors and reporters were exhibited in the act of working.

That they sometimes have to work was doubtless a shock and surprise to some who have heretofore thought that a newspaper somehow made itself, "without sound of any tool of wood or iron." Incidentally, the Express set forth a banquet and punctuated the pauses with the music of an orchestra.

Mrs. Catt, the famous advocate of woman's suffrage, is about as comely as any of the fair sex anywhere. She can also speak very eloquently and persuasively. She made an address at Concord the other day in support of suffrage and so effective were her words and her manner that the suffrage bill was passed by the constitutional convention. If it had been voted on previous to Mrs. Catt's speech, it would have failed of passage, ten votes to one. That's what I understand from good authority.

There hangs in Chris Smart's market on Pleasant street a fine specimen of the white swan, a great rarity in these parts. This swan weighs nearly twelve pounds. It was shot in Great Bay by Caswell, the veteran Newington gunner, who lives on Long Point. Mr. Caswell has for many years been shooting wild ducks and geese on Great Bay and its inlets. This is the second white swan that he has ever seen in this section in all his long experience. Up to this cold spell, Mr. Caswell had eighty ducks

henceforth, such a summary will appear daily in the Herald, giving every body a good chance to compare and draw their own conclusions. The Herald leads—it is never headed. It is gratifying to know that the people have been fast finding this out. Now they wait for the Herald every afternoon and get something to read. Lively times or dull—it makes little difference with the Herald. It always manages to scrape together a readable variety of news and chat.

STILL A DISAGREEMENT.

Greenland Ballot Matter May Go to House of Representatives.

On petition of John W. Weeks, the republican candidate for representative, the ballots cast at the last election in Greenland were inspected at the state house in Concord, on Friday, under the supervision of Edward N. Pearson, secretary of state. Guy E. Corey of this city appeared for Mr. Weeks, while L. D. Duntley, the democratic candidate, looked after his interests personally.

TO LEGISLATORS-ELECT.

Supt. Robbins Of Anti-Saloon League Sends Circular Letter.

The Rev. J. H. Robbins, superintendent of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon league, has sent circular letters to the members-elect of the next legislature, asking those men to express their opinions as regards the liquor question. The letter closes with the request that the member-elect to whom it is addressed answer the following questions:

"Are you in favor of licensing the liquor business?"

"Are you in favor of retaining the present prohibitory law?"

PERSONALS.

Joseph Hodgdon of Eliot is in town today.

Frank Worcester of Eliot has been in town today.

John Curran, formerly employed at the Kearsarge, has been in town for several days.

Attorney J. O. Ross of Epping, formerly of this city, was in town today.

Dr. John S. Perry of Grasmere, N. H., is critically ill, with no hopes of recovery.

Dr. Stephen Young of Dover was in town Thursday and assisted Dr. Luce in a surgical operation.

Miss Gertrude N. Priest, who has been passing a few days in Boston returned home on Friday evening.

Mrs. Ann E. Marshall of this city is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Wallace at their home on Hanover street, Manchester.

Col. A. F. Howard and Col. True L. Norris came down from Concord on Friday where they have been in attendance at the constitutional convention.

Mrs. James H. Kingman of Pawtucket, R. I., arrived at her home in this city today, called here by the serious illness of her brother, Dr. Benjamin Cheever.

Mrs. Sophia Wood, widow of John Wood who reached nearly 104 years, is today quietly observing her 86th birthday. She is well preserved considering her great age.

The Dabney-Carpenter wedding takes place on Monday, the date announced, but will now be extremely quiet because of the death of the prospective bride's brother, Midshipman Reginald Thorne Carpenter.

The youngsters don't seem to take the interest in snowballing this winter that they once did.

Chrysanthemums

Cut Flowers

— AT —
R. E. Hannaford's.

FLORIST.

Newcastle Avenue,

TELEPHONE CON.

FIRES

Are Sure To Happen.

I look out for them this winter, when so many wood fires are going.

Are you insured? If not